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MY FIRST YEARS AS A FRENCHWOMAN

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Madame Waddington.

From a photograph taken in the year of the Exposition, 1878.

MY FIRST YEARS AS A FRENCHWOMAN

1876–1879

BY

MARY KING WADDINGTON

ILLUSTRATED

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	When MacMahon was President . . .	3
II.	Impressions of the Assembly at Versailles	17
III.	M. Waddington as Minister of Public Instruction	35
IV.	The Social Side of a Minister's Wife . .	52
V.	A Republican Victory and a New Ministry	75
VI.	The Exposition Year	99
VII.	The Berlin Congress	133
VIII.	Gaieties at the Quai d'Orsay	156
IX.	M. Waddington as Prime Minister . . .	177
X.	Parliament Back in Paris	212
XI.	Last Days at the Foreign Office . . .	249
	Index	273

ILLUSTRATIONS

MADAME WADDINGTON . . . . *Frontispiece*

From a photograph taken in the year of the Exposition, 1878.

FACING PAGE

MONSIEUR THIERS 4

MARSHAL MACMAHON 8

SITTING OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AT THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES 18

THE FOYER OF THE OPERA 32

MEETING OF OFFICERS OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY, AND OF DELEGATES OF THE NEW CHAMBERS, IN THE SALON OF HERCULES, PALACE OF VERSAILLES 50

THEODOR MOMMSEN 60

PALACE OF THE MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, PARIS . . 78

FRANZ LISZT 88

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE 92

LORD LYONS 100

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, IN 1876 . 112

PRINCE HOHENLOHE 122

M. WILLIAM WADDINGTON. IN THE UNIFORM HE WORE AS MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND AT THE BERLIN CONGRESS, 1878 134

NASR-ED-DIN, SHAH OF PERSIA 138

PRINCE BISMARCK 144

THE BERLIN CONGRESS 152

ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

M. JULES GRÉVY, READING MARSHAL MACMAHON'S LETTER OF RESIGNATION TO THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES . . . 178

M. JULES GRÉVY ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC BY THE SENATE AND CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES MEETING AS THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY 182

THE ELYSÉE PALACE, PARIS 186

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, ABOUT 1879 196

M. DE FREYCINET 252

MME. SADI CARNOT 264

PRESIDENT SADI CARNOT 266

MY FIRST YEARS AS A FRENCHWOMAN

MY FIRST YEARS AS A FRENCHWOMAN

I

WHEN MACMAHON WAS PRESIDENT

I WAS married in Paris in November, 1874, at the French Protestant Chapel of the rue Taitbout, by Monsieur Bersier, one of the ablest and most eloquent pastors of the Protestant church. We had just established ourselves in Paris, after having lived seven years in Rome. We had a vague idea of going back to America, and Paris seemed a first step in that direction—was nearer New York than Rome. I knew very little of France—we had never lived there—merely stayed a few weeks in the spring and autumn, coming and going from Italy. My husband was a deputy, named to the National Assembly in Bordeaux in 1871, by his Department—the Aisne. He had some difficulty in getting to Bordeaux. Communications and transports were not easy, as the Germans were still in the country, and, what was more important, he hadn't any money—couldn't correspond with his banker, in Paris—(he was living in the country). However, a sufficient amount was found in the country, and he was able to make his journey. When I married, the Assembly was sitting at Versailles. Monsieur Thiers, the first President of the Republic, had been overthrown in May, 1873—Marshal MacMahon named in his place. W.* had had a short ministry (public instruction) under Monsieur Thiers, but he was so convinced that it would not last that he never even went to the ministry—saw his directors in his own rooms. I was plunged at once into absolutely new surroundings. W.'s personal friends were principally Orleanists and the literary element of Paris—his colleagues at the Institute. The first houses I was taken to in Paris were the Ségurs, Remusats, Lasteyries, Casimir Périers, Gallieras, d'Haussonville, Léon Say, and some of the Protestant families—Pourtalès, André Bartholdi, Mallet, etc. It was such an entirely different world from any I had been accustomed to that it took me some time to feel at home in my new milieu. Political feeling was very strong —all sorts of fresh, young elements coming to the

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* "W.," here and throughout this book, refers to Madame Waddington's husband, M. William Waddington.

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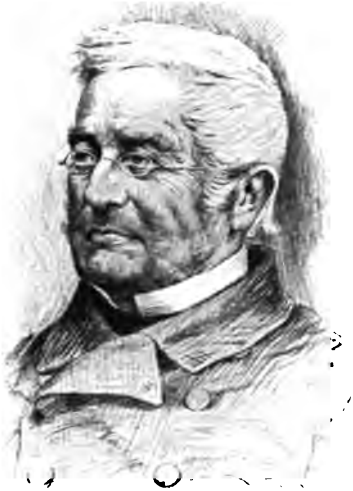


Monsieur Thiers.

front. The Franco-German War was just over—the French very sore and bitter after their defeat. There was a strong underlying feeling of violent animosity to the Emperor, who had lost them two of their fairest provinces, and a passionate desire for the revanche. The feeling was very bitter between the two branches of the Royalist party, Legitimists and Orleanists. One night at a party in the Faubourg St. Germain, I saw a well-known fashionable woman of the extreme Legitimist party turn her back on the Comtesse de Paris. The receptions and visits were not always easy nor pleasant, even though I was a stranger and had no ties with any former government. I remember one of my first visits to a well-known Legitimist countess in the Faubourg St. Germain; I went on her reception day, a thing all young women are most particular about in Paris. I found her with a circle of ladies sitting around her, none of whom I knew. They were all very civil, only I was astonished at the way the mistress of the house mentioned my name every time she spoke to me: "Madame Waddington, êtes-vous allée à l'Opéra hier soir," "Madame Waddington, vous montez à cheval tous les matins, je crois," "Monsieur Waddington va tous les vendredis à l'Institut, il me semble," etc. I was rather surprised and said to

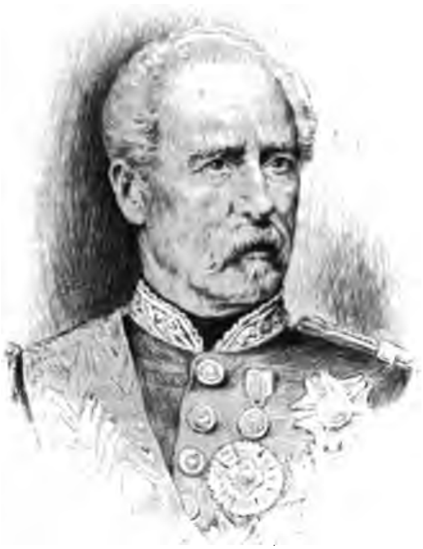
W. when I got home, "How curious it is, that way of saying one's name all the time; I suppose it is an old-fashioned French custom. Madame de B. must have said 'Waddington' twenty times during my rather short visit." He was much amused. "Don't you know why? So that all the people might know who you were and not say awful things about the 'infecte gouvernement' and the Republic, 'which no gentleman could serve.'"

The position of the German Embassy in Paris was very difficult, and unfortunately their first ambassador after the war, Count Arnim, didn't understand (perhaps didn't care to) how difficult it was for a high-spirited nation, which until then had always ranked as a great military power, to accept her humiliation and be just to the victorious adversary. Arnim was an unfortunate appointment—not at all the man for such a delicate situation. We had known him in Rome in the old days of Pio Nono's reign, where he had a great position as Prussian minister to the Vatican. He and the Countess Arnim received a great deal, and their beautiful rooms in the Palazzo Caffarelli, on the top of the Capitol Hill (the two great statues of Castor and Pollux standing by their horses looking as if they were guarding the entrance) were a brilliant centre for all the Roman and diplomatic world. He was a thorough man of the world, could make himself charming when he chose, but he never had a pleasant manner, was curt, arrogant, with a very strong sense of his own superiority. From the first moment he came to Paris as ambassador, he put people's backs up. They never liked him, never trusted him; whenever he had an unpleasant communication to make, he exaggerated the unpleasantness, never attenuated, and there is so much in the way things are said. The French were very hard upon him when he got into trouble, and certainly his own Government was merciless to him.

One of my first small difficulties after becoming a Frenchwoman was to eliminate some of my German friends from my salon. I could not run the risk of their being treated rudely. I remember so well one night at home, before I was married, seeing two French officers not in uniform slip quietly out of the room when one of the German Embassy came in, yet ours was a neutral house. When my engagement was announced one of my great friends at the German Embassy (Count Arco) said to me: "This is the end, I suppose, of our friendship; I can never go to see you when you are the wife of a French deputy." "Oh, yes, you can still come; not quite so often, perhaps, but

I can't give up my friends." However, we drifted apart without knowing why exactly. It is curious how long that hostile feeling toward Germany has lasted in France.

Every year there is a great review of the Paris garrison (thirty thousand men) by the President of the Republic, at Longchamp, on the 14th of July, the national fête—the day of the storming of the Bastile. It is a great day in Paris—one of the sights of the year—and falling in midsummer the day is generally beautiful and very warm. From early dawn all the chairs and benches along the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne are crowded with people waiting patiently for hours to see the show. There is not a seat to be had at Longchamp. Unless one arrives very early the tribunes are packed, and the President's box very crowded, as he invites the diplomatic corps and the ministers and their wives on that day. The troops are always received with much enthusiasm, particularly the artillery, dragging their light field-pieces and passing at a gallop—also the battalion of St. Cyr, the great French military school. The final charge of the cavalry is very fine. Masses of riders come thundering over the plain, the general commanding in front, stopping suddenly as if moved by



Marshal MacMahon.

machinery, just opposite the President's box. I went very regularly as long as W. was in office, and always enjoyed my day. There was an excellent buffet in the salon behind the box, and it was pleasant to have a cup of tea and rest one's eyes while the long columns of infantry were passing—the regular, continuous movement was fatiguing. All the ambassadors and foreigners were very keen about the review, paying great attention to the size of the men and horses and their general equipment. As long as Marshal MacMahon was President of the Republic, he always rode home after the review down the Champs-Elysées—in full uniform, with a brilliant staff of foreign officers and military attachés. It was a pretty sight and attracted great attention. Some of the foreign uniforms are very striking and the French love a military show.

For many years after the war the German military attaché returned from the review unobserved in a *shut* carriage, couldn't run the risk of an angry or insulting word from some one in the crowd, and still later, fifteen years after the war, when W. was ambassador in England, I was godmother of the daughter of a German-English cousin living in London. The godfather was Count Herbert Bismarck, son of the famous chancellor. At the time of the christening I was in France, staying with some friends in the country. The son of the house had been through the war, had distinguished himself very much, and they were still very sore over their reverses and the necessity of submitting to all the little pin-pricks which came at intervals from Germany. Bismarck sent me a telegram regretting the absence of the godmother from the ceremony. It was brought to me just after breakfast, while we were having our coffee. I opened it and read it out, explaining that it was from Bismarck to express his regret for my absence. There was a dead silence, and then the mistress of the house said to me: "C'est très désagréable pour vous, chère amie, cette association avec Bismarck."

I didn't see much of W. in the daytime. We usually rode in the morning in the Bois and immediately after breakfast he started for Versailles in the parliamentary train. Dinner was always a doubtful meal. Sometimes he came home very late for nine-o'clock dinner; sometimes he dined at Versailles and only got home at ten or eleven if the sitting was stormy. The Hotel des Reservoirs did a flourishing business as long as the Chambers sat at Versailles. When we were dining out it was very disagreeable, particularly the first winter when I didn't know many people. I remember one dinner at the Countess Duchatel's where I went alone; we were ten women and five men. All the rest were deputies, who had telegraphed at the last moment they would not come, were kept at Versailles by an important question.

One of the most interesting things I saw in 1873, just before my marriage, was the court-martial of Marshal Bazaine for treachery at Metz—giving up his army and the city without any attempt to break through the enemy's lines, or in fact any resistance of any kind. The court was held at the Grand Trianon, Versailles, a place so associated with a pleasure-loving court, and the fanciful devices of a gay young queen, that it was difficult to realise the drama that was being enacted, when the honour of a Marshal of France—almost an army of France, was to be judged. It was an impressive scene, the hall packed, and people at all the doors and entrances clamouring for seats. The public was curious, a little of everything—members of the National Assembly, officers all in uniform, pretty women of all categories—the group of journalists with keen eager faces watching every change of expression of the marshal's face—some well-known faces, wives of members or leading political and literary men, a fair amount of the frailer sisterhood, actresses and demi-mondaines, making a great effect of waving plumes and diamonds. The court was presided over by the Duc d'Aumale, who accepted the office after much hesitation. He was a fine, soldierly figure as he came in, in full uniform, a group of officers behind him, all with stern, set faces. The impression of the public was generally hostile to the marshal; one felt it all through the trial. He was dressed in full uniform, with the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour. It was melancholy to hear the report of his career when it was read by his counsel,—long years of active service, many wounds, often mentioned for brave conduct under fire, having the "Médaille Militaire"—the grand cordon of the Legion d'Honneur, the baton de Maréchal de France,—all the honours his country could give him—to end so miserably, judged not only by the court but by the country, as a traitor, false to his trust, when his country was in the death-throes of defeat and humiliation. His attitude at the trial was curious. He sat very still in his armchair, looking straight before him, only raising his head and looking at the Duc d'Aumale when some grave accusation was made against him. His explanation brought the famous reply from the duc, when he said it was impossible to act or to treat; there was nothing left in France

—no government, no orders—nothing. The duc answered: "Il y avait toujours la France." He didn't look overwhelmed, rather like some one who was detached from the whole proceedings. I saw his face quite well; it was neither false nor weak—ordinary. It is difficult to believe that a French general with a brilliant record behind him should have been guilty of such treachery, sacrificing his men and his honour. His friends (they were not many) say he lost his head, was nearly crazy with the utterly unforeseen defeat of the French, but even a moment of insanity would hardly account for such extraordinary weakness. W. and some of his friends were discussing it in the train coming home. They were all convinced of his guilt, had no doubt as to what the sentence of the court would be—death and degradation—but thought that physical fatigue and great depression must have caused a general breakdown. The end every one knows. He was condemned to be shot and degraded. The first part of the sentence was cancelled on account of his former services, but he was degraded, imprisoned, escaped, and finished his life in Spain in poverty and obscurity, deserted by all his friends and his wife. It was a melancholy rentrée for the Duc d'Aumale. His thoughts must have gone back to the far-off days when the gallant young officer, fils de France, won his first military glory in Algiers, and thought the world was at his feet. His brilliant exploit, capturing the Smala of Abd-el-Kader, has been immortalised by Vernet in the great historical picture that one sees at Versailles. There are always artists copying parts of it, particularly one group, where a lovely, fair-haired woman is falling out of a litter backward. Even now, when one thinks of the King Louis Philippe, with all his tall, strong, young sons (there is a well-known picture of the King on horseback with all his sons around him—splendid specimens of young manhood), it seems incredible that they are not still ruling and reigning at the Tuileries. I wonder if things would have been very different if Louis Philippe and his family had not walked out of the Tuileries that day!

I often asked W. in what way France had gained by being a republic. I personally was quite impartial, being born an American and never having lived in France until after the Franco-Prussian War. I had no particular ties nor traditions, had no grandfather killed on the scaffold, nor frozen to death in the retreat of "La Grande Armée" from Moscow. They always told me a republic was in the air—young talents and energy must come to the front—the people must have a voice in the government. I think the average Frenchman is intelligent, but I don't think the vote of the man in the street can have as much value as that of a man who has had not only a good education but who has been accustomed always to hear certain principles of law and order held up as rules for the guidance of his own life as well as other people's. Certainly universal suffrage was a most unfortunate measure to take from America and apply to France, but it has been taken and now must stay. I have often heard political men who deplored and condemned the law say that no minister would dare to propose a change.

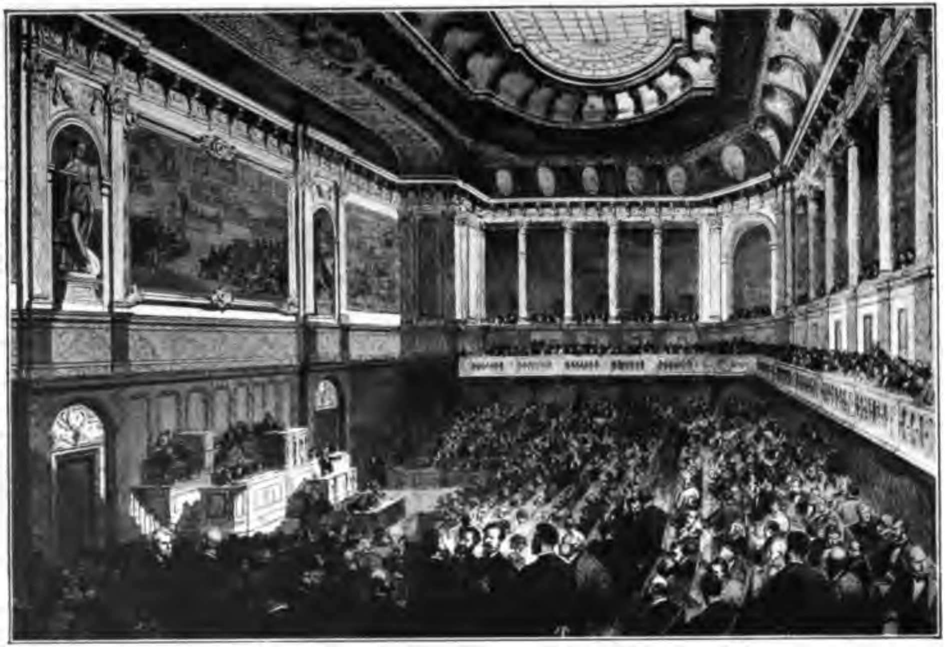
I went often to the Chamber in the spring—used to drive out and bring W. home. Versailles was very animated and interesting during all that time, so many people always about. Quite a number of women followed the debates. One met plenty of people one knew in the streets, at the Patissiers, or at some of the bric-à-brac shops, where there were still bargains to be found in very old furniture, prints, and china. There is a large garrison. There were always officers riding, squads of soldiers moving about, bugle-calls in all directions, and continuous arrivals at the station of deputies and journalists hurrying to the palace, their black portfolios under their arms. The palace was cold. There was a fine draught at the entrance and the big stone staircase was always cold, even in June, but the assembly-room was warm enough and always crowded. It was rather difficult to get seats. People were so interested in those first debates after the war, when everything had to be reorganised and so much of the past was being swept away.

II

IMPRESSIONS OF THE ASSEMBLY AT VERSAILLES

THE sittings of the assembly were very interesting in that wonderful year when everything was being discussed. All public interest of course was centred in Versailles, where the National Assembly was trying to establish some sort of stable government. There were endless discussions and speeches and very violent language in the Chambers. Gambetta made some bitter attacks on the Royalists, accusing them of mauvaise foi and want of patriotism. The Bonapartist leaders tried to persuade themselves and their friends that they still had a hold on the country and that a plébiscite would bring back in triumph their prince. The Legitimists, hoping against hope that the Comte de Chambord would still be the saviour of the country, made passionate appeals to the old feeling of loyalty in the nation, and the centre droit, representing the Orleanists, nervous, hesitating, knowing the position perfectly, ardently desiring a constitutional monarchy, but feeling that it was not possible at that moment, yet unwilling to commit themselves to a final declaration of the Republic, which would make a Royalist restoration impossible. All the Left confident, determined.

The Republic was voted on the 30th of January, 1875, by a majority of one vote, if majority it could be called, but the great step had been taken, and the struggle began instantly between the moderate conservative Republicans and the more advanced Left. W. came home late that day. Some of his friends came in after dinner and the talk was most interesting. I was so new to it all that most of the names of the rank and file were unknown to me, and the appreciations of the votes and the anecdotes and side-lights on the voters said nothing to me. Looking back after all these years, it seems to me that the moderate Royalists (centre droit) threw away a splendid chance. They could not stop the Republican wave (nothing could) but they might have controlled it and directed it instead of standing aloof and throwing the power into the hands of the Left. We heard the well-known sayings very often those days: "La République sera conservatrice ou elle ne sera pas" and "La République sans Républicains," attributed to M. Thiers and Marshal MacMahon.



Sitting of the National Assembly at the palace of Versailles.

From *L'Illustration*, March 11, 1876

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The National Assembly struggled on to the end of the year, making a constitution, a parliament with two houses, senate and chamber of deputies, with many discussions and contradictions, and hopes and illusions.

I went often to Versailles, driving out when the weather was fine. I liked the stormy sittings best. Some orator would say something that displeased the public, and in a moment there would be the greatest uproar, protestations and accusations from all sides, some of the extreme Left getting up, gesticulating wildly, and shaking their fists at the speaker—the Right, generally calm and sarcastic, requesting the speaker to repeat his monstrous statements—the huissiers dressed in black with silver chains, walking up and down in front of the tribune, calling out at intervals: "Silence, messieurs, s'il vous plaît,"—the President ringing his bell violently to call the house to order, and nobody paying the slightest attention, —the orator sometimes standing quite still with folded arms waiting until the storm should abate, sometimes dominating the hall and hurling abuse at his adversaries. W. was always perfectly quiet; his voice was low, not very strong, and he could not speak if there were an uproar. When he was interrupted in a speech he used to stand perfectly still with folded arms, waiting for a few minutes' silence. The deputies would call out: "Allez! allez!" interspersed with a few lively criticisms on what he was saying to them; he was perfectly unmoved, merely replied: "I will go on with pleasure as soon as you will be quiet enough for me to be heard." Frenchmen generally have such a wonderful facility of speech, and such a pitiless logic in discussing a question, that the debates were often very interesting. The public was interesting too. A great many women of all classes followed the sittings—several Egerias (not generally in their first youth) of well-known political men sitting prominently in the President's box, or in the front row of the journalists' box, following the discussions with great interest and sending down little slips of paper to their friends below—members' wives and friends who enjoyed spending an hour or two listening to the speeches—newspaper correspondents, literary ladies, diplomatists. It was very difficult to get places, particularly when some well-known orators were announced to speak upon an important question. We didn't always know beforehand, and I remember some dull afternoons with one or two members making long speeches about purely local matters, which didn't interest any one. We looked down upon an almost empty hall on those occasions. A great many of the members had gone out and were talking in the lobbies; those who remained were talking in groups, writing letters, walking about the hall, quite unconscious apparently of the speaker at the tribune. I couldn't understand how the man could go on talking to empty benches, but W. told me he was quite indifferent to the attention of his colleagues,—his speech was for his electors and would appear the next day in the *Journal Officiel.* I remember one man talked for hours about "allumettes chimiques."

Léon Say was a delightful speaker, so easy, always finding exactly the word he wanted. It hardly seemed a speech when he was at the tribune, more like a causerie, though he told very plain truths sometimes to the peuple souverain. He was essentially French, or rather Parisian, knew everybody, and was au courant of all that went on politically and socially, and had a certain blague, that eminently French quality which is very difficult to explain. He was a hard worker, and told me once that what rested him most after a long day was to go to a small boulevard theatre or to read a rather lively yellow-backed novel.

I never heard Gambetta speak, which I always regretted—in fact knew very little of him. He was not a ladies' man, though he had some devoted women friends, and was always surrounded by a circle of political men whenever he appeared in public. (In all French parties, immediately after dinner, the men all congregate together to talk to each other,—never to the women,—so unless you happen to find yourself seated next to some well-known man, you never really have a chance of talking to him.) Gambetta didn't go out much, and as by some curious chance he was never next to me at dinner, I never had any opportunity of talking to him. He was not one of W.'s friends, nor an habitué of the house. His appearance was against him—dark, heavy-looking, with an enormous head.

When I had had enough of the speeches and the bad atmosphere, I used to wander about the terraces and gardens. How many beautiful sunsets I have seen from the top of the terrace or else standing on the three famous pink marble steps (so well known to all lovers of poetry through Alfred de Musset's beautiful verses, "Trois Marches Roses"), seeing in imagination all the brilliant crowd of courtiers and fair women that used to people those wonderful gardens in the old days of Versailles! I went sometimes to the "Reservoirs" for a cup of tea, and very often found other women who had also driven out to get their husbands. We occasionally brought back friends who preferred the quiet cool drive through the Park of St. Cloud to the crowd and dust of the railway. The Count de St. Vallier (who was not yet senator, but deeply interested in politics) was frequently at Versailles and came back with us often. He was a charming, easy talker. I never tired of hearing about the brilliant days of the last Empire, and the fêtes at the Tuileries, Compiègne, and St. Cloud. He had been a great deal at the court of Napoleon III, had seen many interesting people of all kinds, and had a wonderful memory. He must have had an inner sense or presentiment of some kind about the future, for I have heard him say often in speaking of the old days and the glories of the Empire, when everything seemed so prosperous and brilliant, that he used often to ask himself if it could be real—Were the foundations as solid as they seemed! He had been a diplomatist, was in Germany at the time of the Franco-German War, and like so many of his colleagues scattered over Germany, was quite aware of the growing hostile feeling in Germany to France and also of Bismarck's aims and ambitions. He (like so many others) wrote repeated letters and warnings to the French Foreign Office, which apparently had no effect. One heard afterward that several letters of that description from French diplomatists in Germany were found unopened in a drawer at the ministry.

It was rather sad, as we drove through the stately alleys of the Park of St. Cloud, with the setting sun shining through the fine old trees, to hear of all the fêtes that used to take place there,—and one could quite well fancy the beautiful Empress appearing at the end of one of the long avenues, followed by a brilliant suite of ladies and écuyers,—and the echoes of the cor de chasse in the distance. The alleys are always there, and fairly well kept, but very few people or carriages pass. The park is deserted. I don't think the cor de chasse would awaken an echo or a regret even, so entirely has the Empire and its glories become a thing of the past. A rendez-vous de chasse was a very pretty sight.

We went once to Compiègne before I was married, about three years before the war. We went out and breakfasted at Compiègne with a great friend of ours, M. de St. M., a chamberlain or equerry of the Emperor. We breakfasted in a funny old-fashioned little hotel (with a very good cuisine) and drove in a big open break to the forest. There were a great many people riding, driving, and walking, officers of the garrison in uniform, members of the hunt in green and gold, and a fair sprinkling of red coats. The Empress looked charming, dressed always in the uniform of the hunt, green with gold braid, and a tricorne on her head,—all her ladies with the same dress, which was very becoming. One of the most striking-looking of her ladies was the Princess Anna Murat, the present Duchesse de Mouchy, who looked very handsome in the tricorne and beautifully fitting habit. I didn't see the Empress on her horse, as we lost sight of them very soon. She and her ladies arrived on the field in an open break. I saw the Emperor quite distinctly as he rode up and gave some orders. He was very well mounted (there were some beautiful horses) but stooped slightly, and had rather a sad face. I never saw him again, and the Empress only long years after at Cowes, when everything had gone out of her life.

The President, Marshal MacMahon, was living at the Préfecture at Versailles and received every Thursday evening. We went there several times —it was my first introduction to the official world. The first two or three times we drove out, but it was long (quite an hour and a quarter) over bad roads—a good deal of pavement. One didn't care to drive through the Park of St. Cloud at night—

it was very lonely and dark. We should have been quite helpless if we had fallen upon any enterprising tramps, who could easily have stopped the carriage and helped themselves to any money or jewels they could lay their hands on. One evening the Seine had overflowed and we were obliged to walk a long distance—all around Sèvres—and got to Versailles very late and quite exhausted with the jolting and general discomfort. After that we went out by train—which put us at the Préfecture at ten o'clock. It wasn't very convenient as there was a great rush for carriages when we arrived at Versailles, still everybody did it. We generally wore black or dark dresses with a lace veil tied over our heads, and of course only went when it was fine. The evening was pleasant enough—one saw all the political men, the marshal's personal friends of the droite went to him in the first days of his presidency,—(they rather fell off later)—the Government and Republicans naturally and all the diplomatic corps. There were not many women, as it really was rather an effort to put one's self into a low-necked dress and start off directly after dinner to the Gare St. Lazare, and have rather a rush for places. We were always late, and just had time to scramble into the last carriage.

I felt very strange—an outsider—all the first months, but my husband's friends were very nice to me and after a certain time I was astonished to find how much politics interested me. I learned a great deal from merely listening while the men talked at dinner. I suppose I should have understood much more if I had read the papers regularly, but I didn't begin to do that until W. had been minister for some time, and then worked myself into a nervous fever at all the opposition papers said about him. However, all told, the attacks were never very vicious. He had never been in public life until after the war when he was named deputy and joined the Assemblée Nationale at Bordeaux—which was an immense advantage to him. He had never served any other government, and was therefore perfectly independent and was bound by no family traditions or old friendships—didn't mind the opposition papers at all—not even the caricatures. Some of them were very funny. There was one very like him, sitting quite straight and correct on the box of a brougham, "John Cocher Anglais n'a jamais versé, ni accroché" (English coachman who has never upset nor run into anything).

There were a few political salons. The Countess de R. received every evening—but only men—no women were ever asked. The wives rather demurred at first, but the men went all the same—as one saw every one there and heard all the latest political gossip. Another hostess was the Princess Lize Troubetskoi. She was a great friend and admirer of Thiers—was supposed to give him a great deal of information from foreign governments. She was very eclectic in her sympathies, and every one went to her, not only French, but all foreigners of any distinction who passed through Paris. She gave herself a great deal of trouble for her friends, but also used them when she wanted anything. One of the stories which was always told of the Foreign Office was her "petit paquet," which she wanted to send by the valise to Berlin, when the Comte de St. Vallier was French ambassador there. He agreed willingly to receive the package addressed to him, which proved to be a grand piano.

The privilege of sending packages abroad by the valise of the foreign affairs was greatly abused when W. became Minister of Foreign Affairs. He made various changes, one of which was that the valise should be absolutely restricted to official papers and documents, which really was perhaps well observed.

The Countess de Ségur received every Saturday night. It was really an Orleanist salon, as they were devoted friends of the Orléans family, but one saw all the moderate Republicans there and the centre gauche (which struggled so long to keep together and be a moderating influence, but has long been swallowed up in the ever-increasing flood of radicalism) and a great many literary men, members of the Institute, Academicians, etc. They had a fine old house entre cour et jardin, with all sorts of interesting pictures and souvenirs. Countess de S. also received every day before three o'clock. I often went and was delighted when I could find her alone. She was very clever, very original, had known all sorts of people, and it was most interesting to hear her talk about King Louis Philippe's court, the Spanish marriages, the death of the Duc d'Orléans, the Coup d'Etat of Louis Napoléon, etc. When she first began to receive, during the reign of Louis Philippe, the feeling was very bitter between the Legitimists (extreme Royalist party) and the Orleanists. The Duc d'Orléans often came to them on Saturday evenings and always in a good deal of state, with handsome carriage, aides-de-camp, etc. She warned her Legitimist friends when she knew he was coming (but she didn't always know) and said she never had any trouble or disagreeable scenes. Every one was perfectly respectful to the duke, but the extreme Legitimists went away at once.

We went quite often to Monsieur and Madame Thiers, who received every evening in their big gloomy house in the Place St. Georges. It was a political centre,—all the Republican party went there, and many of his old friends, Orleanists, who admired his great intelligence, while disapproving his politics,—literary men, journalists, all the diplomatists and distinguished strangers. He had people at dinner every night and a small reception afterward,—Madame Thiers and her sister, Mademoiselle Dosne, doing the honours for him. I believe both ladies were very intelligent, but I can't truthfully say they had any charm of manner. They never looked pleased to see any one, and each took comfortable little naps in their armchairs after dinner—the first comers had sometimes rather embarrassing entrances,—but I am told they held very much to their receptions. Thiers was wonderful; he was a very old man when I knew him, but his eyes were very bright and keen, his voice strong, and he would talk all the evening without any appearance of fatigue. He slept every afternoon for two hours, and was quite rested and alert by dinner time. It was an interesting group of men that stood around the little figure in the drawing-room after dinner. He himself stood almost always leaning against the mantelpiece. Prince Orloff, Russian ambassador, was one of the habitués of the salon, and I was always delighted when he would slip away from the group of men and join the ladies in Madame Thiers's salon, which was less interesting. He knew everybody, French and foreign, and gave me most amusing and useful little sketches of all the celebrities. It was he who told me of old Prince Gortschakoff's famous phrase when he heard of Thiers's death—(he died at St. Germain in 1877)—"Encore une lumière éteinte quand il y en a si peu qui voient clair,"—(still another light extinguished, when there are so few who see clearly). Many have gone of that group,—Casimir Périer, Léon Say, Jules Ferry, St. Vallier, Comte Paul de Ségur, Barthélemy St. Hilaire,—but others remain, younger men who were then beginning their political careers and were eager to drink in lessons and warnings from the old statesman, who fought gallantly to the last.

I found the first winter in Paris as the wife of a French deputy rather trying, so different from the easy, pleasant life in Rome. That has changed, too, of course, with United Italy and Rome the capital, but it was a small Rome in our days, most informal. I don't ever remember having written an invitation all the years we lived in Rome. Everybody led the same life and we saw each other all day, hunting, riding, driving, in the villas in the afternoon, generally finishing at the Pincio, where there was music. All the carriages drew up and the young men came and talked to the women exactly as if they were at the opera or in a ballroom. When we had music or danced at our house, we used to tell some well-known man to say "on danse chez Madame King ce soir." That was all. Paris society is much stiffer, attaches much more importance to visits and reception days.

There is very little informal receiving, no more evenings with no amusement of any kind provided, and a small table at one end of the room with orangeade and cakes, which I remember when I was first married (and always in Lent the quartet of the Conservatoire playing classical symphonies, which of course put a stop to all conversation, as people listened to the artists of the Conservatoire in a sort of sacred silence). Now one is invited each time, there is always music or a comédie, sometimes a conference in Lent, and a buffet in the dining-room. There is much more luxury, and women wear more jewels. There were not many tiaras when I first knew Paris society; now every young woman has one in her corbeille.

One of the first big things I saw in Paris was the opening of the Grand Opera. It was a pretty sight, the house crowded with women beautifully dressed and wearing fine jewels which showed very little, the decoration of the house being very elaborate. There was so much light and gilding that the diamonds were quite lost. The two great features of the evening were the young King of Spain (the father of the present King), a slight, dark, youthful figure, and the Lord Mayor of London, who really made much more effect than the King. He was dressed in his official robes, had two sheriffs and a macebearer, and when he stood at the top of the grand staircase he was an imposing figure and the public was delighted with him. He was surrounded by an admiring crowd when he walked in the foyer. Everybody was there and W. pointed out to me the celebrities of all the coteries. We had a box at the opera and went very regularly. The opera was never good, never has been since I have known it, but as it is open all the year round, one cannot expect to have the stars one hears elsewhere. Still it is always a pleasant evening, one sees plenty of people to talk to and the music is a cheerful accompaniment to conversation. It is astounding how they talk in the boxes and how the public submits. The ballet is always good. Halanzier was director of the Grand Opera, and we went sometimes to his box behind the scenes, which was most amusing. He was most dictatorial, occupied himself with every detail,—was consequently an excellent director. I remember seeing him inspect the corps de ballet one night, just before the curtain went up. He passed down the line like a general reviewing his troops, tapping lightly with a cane various arms and legs which were not in position. He was perfectly smiling and good-humoured: "Voyons, voyons, mes petites, ce n'est pas cela,"—but saw everything.

What W. liked best was the Théâtre Français. We hadn't a box there, but as so many of our friends had, we went very often. Tuesday was the fashionable night and the Salle was almost as interesting as the stage, particularly if it happened to be a première, and all the critics and journalists were there. Sarah Bernhardt and Croizette were both playing those first years. They were great rivals and it was interesting to see them in the same play, both such fine talents yet so totally different.

III

M. WADDINGTON AS MINISTER OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

IN March, 1876, W. was made, for the second time, "Ministre de l'Instruction Publique et des Beaux Arts," with M. Dufaure Président du Conseil, Duc Décazes at the Foreign Office, and Léon Say at the finances. His nomination was a surprise to us. We didn't expect it at all. There had been so many discussions, so many names put forward. It seemed impossible to come to an understanding and form a cabinet which would be equally acceptable to the marshal and to the Chambers. I came in rather late one afternoon while the negotiations were going on, and was told by the servants that M. Léon Say was waiting in W.'s library to see him. W. came a few minutes afterward, and the two gentlemen remained a long time talking. They stopped in the drawing-room on their way to the door, and Say said to me: "Eh bien, madame, je vous apporte une portefeuille et des félicitations." "Before I accept the felicitations, I would like to know which portfolio." Of course when he said, "Public instruction," I was pleased, as I knew it was the only one W. cared for. My brother-in-law, Richard Waddington, senator of the Seine Inférieure,* and one or two friends came to see us in the evening, and the gentlemen talked late into the night, discussing programmes, possibilities, etc. All the next day the conferences went on, and when the new cabinet was presented to the marshal, he received them graciously if not warmly. W. said both Dufaure and Décazes were quite wonderful, realising the state of affairs exactly, and knowing the temper of the house, which was getting more advanced every day and more difficult to manage.

W. at once convoked all the officials and staff of the ministry. He made very few changes, merely taking the young Count de Lasteyrie, now Marquis de Lasteyrie, grandnephew of the Marquis de Lafayette, son of M. Jules de Lasteyrie, a senator and devoted friend of the Orléans family, as his chef de cabinet. Two or three days after the new cabinet was announced, W. took me to the Elysée to pay my official visit to the Maréchale de MacMahon. She received us up-stairs in a pretty salon looking out on the garden. She was very civil, not a particularly gracious manner—gave me the impression of a very energetic, practical woman—what most Frenchwomen are. I was very much struck with her writing-table, which looked most businesslike. It was covered with quantities of letters, papers, cards, circulars of all kinds—she attended to all household matters herself. I always heard (though she did not tell me) that she read every letter that was addressed to her, and she must have had hundreds of begging letters. She was very charitable, much interested in all good works, and very kind to all artists. Whenever a letter came asking for money, she had the case investigated, and if the story was true, gave practical help at once. I was dismayed at first with the number of letters received from all over France asking my intercession with the minister on every possible subject from a "monument historique" to be restored, to a pension given to an old schoolmaster no longer able to work, with a large family to support. It was perfectly impossible for me to answer them. Being a foreigner and never having lived in France, I didn't really know anything about the various questions. W. was too busy to attend to such small matters, so I consulted M. de L., chef de cabinet, and we agreed that I should send all the correspondence which was not strictly personal to him, and he would have it examined in the "bureau." The first few weeks of W.'s ministry were very trying to me—I went to see so many people,—so many people came to see me,—all strangers with whom I had nothing in common. Such dreary conversations, never getting beyond the most ordinary commonplace phrases,—such an absolutely different world from any I had ever lived in.

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* My brother-in-law, Richard Waddington, senator, died in June, 1913, some time after these notes were written.

It is very difficult at first for any woman who marries a foreigner to make her life in her new country. There must be so many things that are different—better perhaps sometimes—but not what one has been accustomed to,—and I think more difficult in France than in any other country. French people are set in their ways, and there is so little sympathy with anything that is not French. I was struck with that absence of sympathy at some of the first dinners I went to. The talk was exclusively French, almost Parisian, very personal, with stories and allusions to people and things I knew nothing about. No one dreamed of talking to me about my past life—or America, or any of my early associations—yet I was a stranger—one would have thought they might have taken a little more trouble to find some topics of general interest. Even now, after all these years, the difference of nationality counts. Sometimes when I am discussing with very intimate friends some question and I find that I cannot understand their views and they cannot understand mine, they always come back to the real difficulty: "Ecoutez, chère amie, vous êtes d'une autre race." I rather complained to W. after the first three or four dinners—it seemed to me bad manners, but he said no, I was the wife of a French political man, and every one took for granted I was interested in the conversation—certainly no one intended any rudeness. The first big dinner I went to that year was at the Elysée—the regular official dinner for the diplomatic corps and the Government. I had Baron von Zuylen, the Dutch minister, one of our great friends, on one side of me, Léon Renault, préfet de police, on the other. Léon Renault was very interesting, very clever—an excellent préfet de police. Some of his stories were most amusing. The dinner was very good (always were in the marshal's time), not long, and mercifully the room was not too hot. Sometimes the heat was terrible. There were quite a number of people in the evening—the music of the garde républicaine playing, and a buffet in the dining-room which was always crowded. We never stayed very late, as W. always had papers to sign when we got home. Sometimes when there was a great press of work his "signatures" kept him two hours. I don't think the marshal enjoyed the receptions very much. Like most soldiers he was an early riser, and the late hours and constant talking tired him.

I liked our dinners and receptions at the ministry. All the intelligence of France passed through our rooms. People generally came early—by ten o'clock the rooms were quite full. Every one was announced, and it was most interesting to hear the names of all the celebrities in every branch of art and science. It was only a fleeting impression, as the guests merely spoke to me at the door and passed on. In those days, hardly any one shook hands unless they were fairly intimate—the men never. They made me low bows some distance off and rarely stopped to exchange a few words with me. Some of the women, not many, shook hands. It was a fatiguing evening, as I stood so long, and a procession of strangers passed before me. The receptions finished early—every one had gone by eleven o'clock except a few loiterers at the buffet. There are always a certain number of people at the big official receptions whose principal object in coming seems to be to make a comfortable meal. The servants always told me there was nothing left after a big party. There were no invitations—the reception was announced in the papers, so any one who felt he had the slightest claim upon the minister appeared at the party. Some of the dresses were funny, but there was nothing eccentric—no women in hats, carrying babies in their arms, such as one used to see in the old days in America at the President's reception at the White House, Washington—some very simple black silk dresses hardly low—and of course a great many pretty women very well dressed. Some of my American friends often came with true American curiosity, wanting to see a phase of French life which was quite novel to them.

W. remained two years as Minister of Public Instruction, and my life became at once very interesting, very full. We didn't live at the ministry—it was not really necessary. All the work was over before dinner, except the "signatures," which W. could do just as well in his library at home. We went over and inspected the Hôtel du Ministère in the rue de Grenelle before we made our final decision, but it was not really tempting. There were fine reception-rooms and a pretty garden, but the living-rooms were small, not numerous, and decidedly gloomy. Of course I saw much less of W. He never came home to breakfast, except on Sunday, as it was too far from the rue de Grenelle to the Etoile. The Arc de Triomphe stands in the Place de l'Etoile at the top of the Champs-Elysées. All the great avenues, Alma, Jéna, Kléber, and the adjacent streets are known as the Quartier de l'Etoile. It was before the days of telephones, so whenever an important communication was to be made to him when he was at home in the evening, a dragoon galloped up with his little black bag from which he extracted his papers. It made quite an excitement in our quiet street the first time he arrived after ten o'clock. We just managed our morning ride, and then there were often people waiting to speak to W. before we started, and always when he came back. There was a great amount of patronage attached to his ministry, nominations to all the universities, lycées, schools, etc., and, what was most agreeable to me, boxes at all the government theatres,—the Grand Opera, Opéra Comique, Français, Odéon, and Conservatoire. Every Monday morning we received the list for the week, and, after making our own selection, distributed them to the official world generally,—sometimes to our own personal friends. The boxes of the Français, Opéra, and Conservatoire were much appreciated.

I went very regularly to the Sunday afternoon concerts at the Conservatoire, where all classical music was splendidly given. They confined themselves generally to the strictly classic, but were beginning to play a little Schumann that year. Some of the faces of the regular habitués became most familiar to me. There were three or four old men with grey hair sitting in the first row of stalls (most uncomfortable seats) who followed every note of the music, turning around and frowning at any unfortunate person in a box who dropped a fan or an opera-glass. It was funny to hear the hum of satisfaction when any well-known movement of Beethoven or Mozart was attacked. The orchestra was perfect, at its best I think in the "scherzos" which they took in beautiful style —so light and sure. I liked the instrumental part much better than the singing. French voices, the women's particularly, are thin, as a rule. I think they sacrifice too much to the "diction,"—don't bring out the voices enough—but the style and training are perfect of their kind.

The Conservatoire is quite as much a social feature as a school of music. It was the thing to do on Sunday afternoon. No invitation was more appreciated, as it was almost impossible to have places unless one was invited by a friend. All the boxes and seats (the hall is small) belong to subscribers and have done so for one or two generations. Many marriages are made there. There are very few theatres in Paris to which girls can be taken, but the Opéra Comique and the Conservatoire are very favourite resorts. When a marriage is pending the young lady, very well dressed (always in the simplest tenue de jeune fille) is taken to the Conservatoire or the Opéra Comique by her father and mother, and very often her grandmother. She sits in front of the box and the young man in the stalls, where he can study his future wife without committing himself. The difference of dress between the jeune fille and the jeune femme is very strongly marked in France. The French girl never wears lace or jewels or feathers or heavy material of any kind, quite unlike her English or American contemporaries, who wear what they like. The wedding-dress is classic, a simple, very long dress of white satin, and generally a tulle veil over the face. When there is a handsome lace veil in the family, the bride sometimes wears it, but no lace on her dress. The first thing the young married woman does is to wear a very long velvet dress with feathers in her hair.

I think on the whole the arranged marriages turn out as well as any others. They are generally made by people of the same monde, accustomed to the same way of living, and the fortunes as nearly alike as possible. Everything is calculated. The young couple usually spend the summer with parents or parents-in-law, in the château, and I know some cases where there are curious details about the number of lamps that can be lighted in their rooms, and the use of the carriage on certain days. I am speaking of course of purely French marriages. To my American ideas it seemed very strange when I first came to Europe, but a long residence in a foreign country certainly modifies one's impressions. Years ago, when we were living in Rome, four sisters, before any of us were married, a charming Frenchwoman, Duchesse de B., who came often to the house, was very worried about this family of girls, all very happy at home and contented with their lives. It was quite true we danced and hunted and made a great deal of music, without ever troubling ourselves about the future. The duchesse couldn't understand it, used often to talk to mother very seriously. She came one day with a proposal of marriage—a charming man, a Frenchman, not too young, with a good fortune, a title, and a château, had seen Madam King's daughters in the ballroom and hunting-field, and would very much like to be presented and make his cour. "Which one?" we naturally asked, but the answer was vague. It sounded so curiously impersonal that we could hardly take it seriously. However, we suggested that the young man should come and each one of the four would show off her particular talent. One would play and one would sing (rather like the song in the children's book, "one could dance and one could sing, and one could play the violin"), and the third, the polyglot of the family, could speak several languages. We were rather puzzled as to what my eldest sister could do, as she was not very sociable and never spoke to strangers if she could help it, so we decided she must be very well dressed and preside at the tea-table behind an old-fashioned silver urn that we always used—looking like a stately maîtresse de maison receiving her guests. We confided all these plans to the duchesse, but she was quite put out with us, wouldn't bring the young man nor tell us his name. We never knew who he was. Since I have been a Frenchwoman (devant la loi)—I think all Americans remain American no matter where they marry,—I have interested myself three or four times in made marriages, which have generally turned out well. There were very few Americans married in France all those years, now there are legions of all kinds.

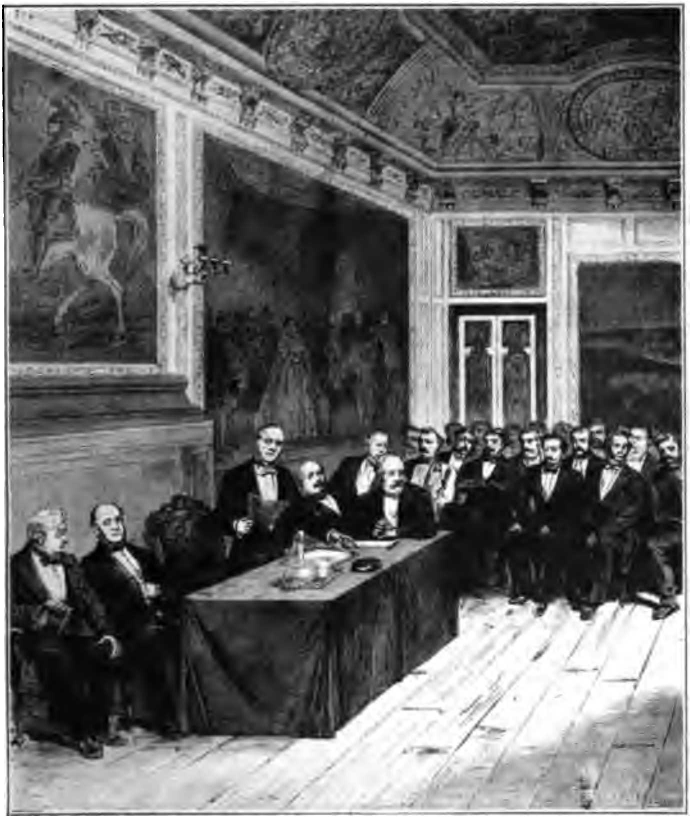
I don't remember any in the official parliamentary world I lived in the first years of my marriage—nor English either. It was absolutely French, and rather borné French. Very few of the people, the women especially, had any knowledge or experience of foreign countries, and didn't care to have,—France was enough for them.

W. was very happy at the Ministry of Public Instruction,—all the educational questions interested him so much and the tournées en province and visits to the big schools and universities,—some of them, in the south of France particularly, singularly wanting in the most elementary details of hygiene and cleanliness, and it was very difficult to make the necessary changes, giving more light, air, and space. Routine is a powerful factor in this very conservative country, where so many things exist simply because they have always existed. Some of his letters from Bordeaux, Toulouse, and Montpellier were most interesting. As a rule he was very well received and got on very well, strangely enough, with the clergy, particularly the haut clergé, bishops and cardinals. His being a Protestant was rather a help to him; he could take an impartial view of things.

At Bordeaux he stayed at the Préfecture, where he was very comfortable, but the days were fatiguing. He said he hadn't worked so hard for years. He started at nine in the morning, visiting schools and universities, came home to breakfast at twelve, and immediately after had a small reception, rectors, professors, and people connected with the schools he wanted to talk to, at three started again seeing more schools and going conscientiously over the buildings from basement to garret,—then visits to the cardinal, archbishop, general commanding, etc.—a big dinner and reception in the evening, the cardinal present in his red robes, his coadjutor in purple, the officers in uniform, and all the people connected in any way with the university, who were pleased to see their chief. There was a total absence of Bonapartist senators and deputies (which was not surprising, as W. had always been in violent opposition to the Empire), who were rather numerous in these parts. W. was really quite exhausted when he got back to Paris—said it was absolute luxury to sit quietly and read in his library, and not talk. It wasn't a luxury that he enjoyed very much, for whenever he was in the house there was always some one talking to him in his study and others waiting in the drawing-room. Every minute of the day he was occupied. People were always coming to ask for something for themselves or some members of their family, always candidates for the Institute, anxiously inquiring what their chances were, and if he had recommended them to his friends. It is striking even in this country of functionaries (I think there are more small public employees in France than in any other country) how many applicants there were always for the most insignificant places—a Frenchman loves a cap with gold braid and gilt buttons on his coat.

All the winter of 1876, which saw the end of the National Assembly and the beginning of a new régime, was an eventful one in parliamentary circles. I don't know if the country generally was very much excited about a new constitution and a change of government. I don't think the country in France (the small farmers and peasants) are ever much excited about the form of government. As long as the crops are good and there is no war to take away their sons and able-bodied men, they don't care, often don't know, whether a king or an emperor is reigning over them. They say there are some far-off villages half hidden in the forests and mountains who still believe that a king and a Bourbon is reigning in France. Something had to be decided; the provisoire could no longer continue; the country could not go on without a settled government. All the arguments and negotiations of that period have been so often told, that I will not go into any details. The two centres, centre droit and centre gauche, had everything in their hands as the great moderating elements of the Assembly, but the conflicting claims of the various parties, Legitimist, Orleanist, Bonapartist, and advanced Left, made the question a very difficult one.

W. as a member of the Comité des Trente was very much occupied and preoccupied. He came back generally very late from Versailles, and, when he did dine at home, either went out again after dinner to some of the numerous meetings at different houses or had people at home. I think the great majority of deputies were honestly trying to do what they thought best for the country, and when one remembers the names and personalities on both sides—MacMahon, Broglie, d'Audiffret-Pasquier, Buffet, Dufaure, and Thiers, Casimir Périer, Léon Say, Jules Simon, Jules Ferry, Freycinet, and many others, it is impossible to think that any of those men were animated by any spirit other than love of the country and an ardent desire to see some stable government restored which would enable France to take her place again among the great powers. Unfortunately the differ-



Meeting of officers of the National Assembly, and of delegates of the new Chambers, in the salon of Hercules, palace of Versailles.

From *L'Illustration*, March 11, 1876.

ence of opinion as to the form of government made things very difficult. Some of the young deputies, just fresh from the war and smarting under a sense of humiliation, were very violent in their abuse of any Royalist and particularly Bonapartist restoration.

IV

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF A MINISTER'S WIFE

MY first big dinner at the Ministry of Public Instruction rather intimidated me. We were fifty people—I the only lady. I went over to the ministry in the afternoon to see the table, which was very well arranged with quantities of flowers, beautiful Sèvres china, not much silver—there is very little left in France, it having all been melted at the time of the Revolution. The official dinners are always well done in Paris. I suppose the traditions of the Empire have been handed down. We arrived a few minutes before eight, all the staff and directors already there, and by ten minutes after eight every one had arrived. I sat between Gérôme, the painter, and Renan, two very different men but each quite charming,—Gérôme tall, slight, animated, talking very easily about everything. He told me who a great many of the people were, with a little commentary on their profession and career which was very useful to me, as I knew so few of them. Renan was short, stout, with a very large head, almost unprepossessing-looking, but with a great charm of manner and the most delightful smile and voice imaginable. He often dined with us in our own house, en petit comité, and was always charming. He was one of those happy mortals (there are not many) who made every subject they discuss interesting.

After that first experience, I liked the big men's dinners very much. There was no general conversation; I talked exclusively to my two neighbours, but as they were always distinguished in some branch of art, science, or literature, the talk was brilliant, and I found the hour our dinner lasted a very short one. W. was very particular about not having long dinners. Later, at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where we sometimes had eighty guests, the dinner was never over an hour. I did not remain the whole evening at the men's dinners. As soon as they dispersed to talk and smoke, I came away, leaving W. to entertain his guests. We often had big receptions with music and comédie. At one of our first big parties we had several of the Orléans family. I was rather nervous, as I had never received royalty,—in fact I had never spoken to a royal prince or princess. I had lived a great deal in Rome, as a girl, during the last days of Pius IX, and I was never in Paris during the Empire. When we went back to Rome one winter, after the accession of King Victor Emmanuel, I found myself for the first time in a room with royalties, the Prince and Princesse de Piémont. I remember quite well being so surprised by seeing two of the Roman men we knew very well come backward into the ballroom where we were sitting. I thought they must be anticipating the Mardi Gras and were masquerading a little, didn't realise that every one was standing. I remained sitting for a moment (much to the horror of one of the English secretaries who was with us and who thought we were going to make a spread-eagle American demonstration and remain sitting when royalty appeared). However, by some sort of instinct, we rose too (perhaps to see what was going on), just as the princes passed. Princess Marguerite looked charming, dressed in white, with her splendid pearls and beautiful fair hair.

When it was decided that we should ask the Orléans princes to our party, I thought I would go to see the Duc Décazes, the foreign minister, a charming man and charming colleague, to get some precise information about my part of the entertainment. He couldn't think what I wanted when I invaded his cabinet, and was much amused when I stated my case.

"There is nothing unusual in receiving the princes at a ministry. You must do as you have always done."

"But that is just the question, I have *never done.* I have never in my life exchanged a word with a royal personage."

"It is not possible!"

"It is absolutely true; I have never lived anywhere where there was a court."

When he saw that I was in earnest he was as nice as possible, told me *exactly* what I wanted to know,—that I need not say "Altesse royale" every time I spoke, merely occasionally, as they all like it,—that I must speak in the third person, "Madame veut-elle," "Monseigneur veut-il me permettre," etc., also that I must always be at the door when a princess arrived and conduct her myself to her seat.

"But if I am at one end of the long enfilade of rooms taking the Comtesse de Paris to her seat and another princess (Joinville or Chartres) should arrive; what has to be done?"

"Your husband must always be at the door with his chef de cabinet, who will replace him while he takes the princess to her place."

The Marquise de L., a charming old lady with white hair, beautiful blue eyes, and pink cheeks, a great friend of the Orléans family, went with me when I made my round of visits to thank the royal ladies for accepting our invitation. We found no one but the Princesse Marguerite, daughter of the Duc de Nemours, who was living at Neuilly. I had all my instructions from the marquise, how many courtesies to make, how to address her, and above all not to speak until the princess spoke to me. We were shown into a pretty drawing-room, opening on a garden, where the princess was waiting, standing at one end of the room. Madame de L. named me, I made my courtesies, the princess shook hands, and then we remained standing, facing each other. She didn't say anything. I stood perfectly straight and quiet, waiting. She changed colour, moved her hands nervously, was evidently overcome with shyness, but didn't utter a sound. It seemed very long, was really only a few seconds, but I was getting rather nervous when suddenly a child ran across the garden. That broke the ice and she asked me the classic royal question, "Avez-vous des enfants, madame?" I had only one, and he was rather small, but still his nurse, his teeth, and his food carried me on for a little while and after that we had some general conversation, but I can't say the visit was really interesting. As long as I was in public life

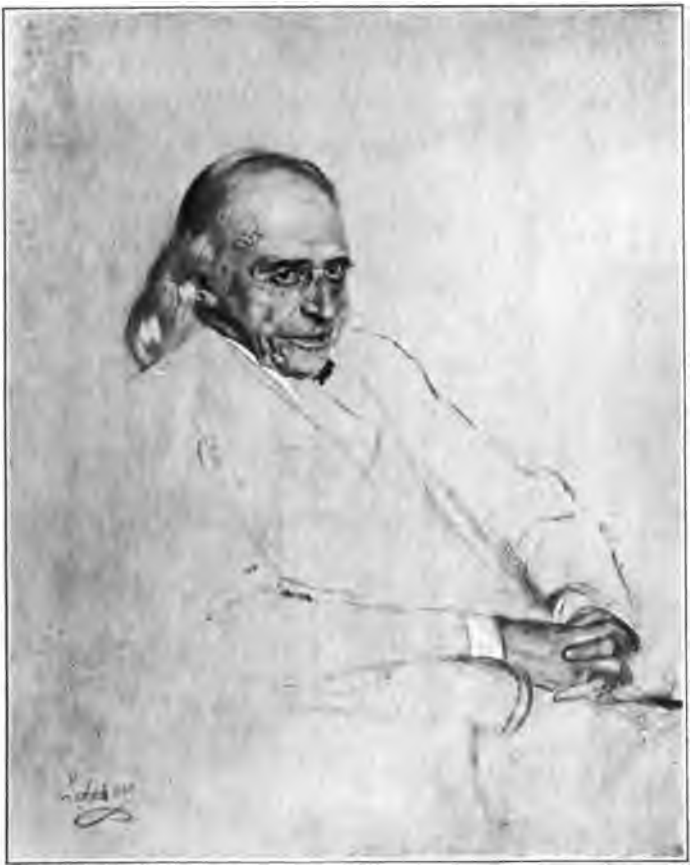
I regretted that I had but the one child,—children and nurseries and schoolrooms were always an unfailing topic of conversation. Frenchwomen of all classes take much more interest in the details of their nurseries and the education and bringing-up of their children than we Anglo-Saxons do. I know several mammas who followed all the course of their sons' studies when they were preparing their baccalauréat, even to writing the compositions. The head nurse (English) who takes entire charge of her nursery, who doesn't like any interference, and brings the children to their mother at stated hours, doesn't exist in France.

Our party was very brilliant, all sorts of notabilities of all kinds, and the leading Paris artists from the Grand Opera, Opéra Comique, and the Français. As soon as the perfornnance was over W. told me I must go and thank the artists; he could not leave his princes. I started off to the last of the long suite of salons where they were all assembled. Comte de L., W.'s chef de cabinet, went with me, and we were preceded by a huissier with sword and chain, who piloted us through the crowd. I felt very shy when I arrived in the greenroom. The artists were drawn up in two rows, the women on one side, the men on the other, all eyes of course fixed upon madame la ministresse. Madame Carvalho, Sarah Bernhardt, and Croizette were standing at the head of the long line of women; Faure, Talazac, Delaunay, Coquelin, on the other side. I went first all along the line of women, then came back by the men. I realised instantly after the first word of thanks and interest how easy it is for princes, or any one in high places, to give pleasure. They all responded so smilingly and naturally to everything I said. After the first two or three words, I didn't mind at all, and found myself discussing acoustics, the difficulty of playing any well-known part without costumes, scenery, etc., the inconvenience of having the public so near, quite easily. We often had music and recitations at our parties, and that was always a great pleasure to me. I remember so well one evening when we had the chorus of the Conservatoire and they sang quite beautifully the old "Plaisirs d'Amour" of our childhood. It had a great success and they were obliged to repeat it. W. made one great innovation in the dress of the ladies of the Conservatoire chorus. They were always dressed in white, which was very well for the young, slight figures, but was less happy for a stout middle-aged lady. So after much discussion it was decided to adopt black as the official dress and I must say it was an enormous improvement.

All sorts of interesting people came to see us at the Ministry of Public Instruction,—among others the late Emperor of Brazil, Don Pedro de Bragance, who spent some months in Paris that year with his daughter, the young Comtesse d'Eu. He was a tall, good-looking man, with a charming easy manner, very cultivated and very keen about everything—art, literature, politics. His gentlemen said he had the energy of a man of twenty-five, and he was well over middle age when he was in Paris. They were quite exhausted sometimes after a long day of visits and sightseeing with him. He was an early riser. One of the first rendezvous he gave W. was at nine o'clock in the morning, which greatly disturbed that gentleman's habits. He was never an early riser, worked always very late (said his best despatches were written after midnight), and didn't care about beginning his day too early. Another interesting personality was Mommsen, the German historian and savant. He was a picturesque-looking old man with keen blue eyes and a quantity of white hair. I don't think anything modern interested him very much. He was an old man when I first saw him, and looked even older than his age. He and W. used to plunge into very long, learned discussions over antiquities and medals. W. said the hours with Mommsen rested him, such a change from the "shop" talk always mixed with politics in France.

We often had political breakfasts at home (more breakfasts than dinners). Our Aisne deputies and senators were not very mondains, didn't care much to dine out. They were pleasant enough when they talked about subjects that interested them. Henri Martin, senator of the Aisne, was an old-fashioned Republican, absolutely convinced that no other government would ever succeed in France, but he was moderate. St. Vallier, also a senator from the Aisne, was nervous and easily discouraged when things didn't go smoothly, but he too thought the Republic was the only possible government now, whatever his preferences might have been formerly.

W.'s ministry came to an end on the famous 16th of May, 1877, when Marshal MacMahon suddenly took matters in his own hands and dismissed his cabinet presided over by M. Jules Simon. Things had not been going smoothly for some time, could not between two men of such absolute difference of origin, habits, and ideas. Still, the famous letter written by the marshal to Jules Simon was a thunderclap. I was walking about the Champs-Elysées and Faubourg St. Honoré on the



Theodor Mommsen.

From a painting by Franz von Lenbach.

morning of the 16th of May, and saw all the carriages, our own included, waiting at the Ministry of the Interior, where the conseil was sitting. I went home to breakfast, thought W. was later than usual, but never dreamed of what was happening. When he finally appeared, quite composed and smiling, with his news, "We are out of office; the marshal has sent us all about our business," I could hardly believe it, even when he told me all the details. I had known for a long time that things were not going well, but there were always so much friction and such opposing elements in the cabinet that I had not attached much importance to the accounts of stormy sittings and thought things would settle down.

W. said the marshal was very civil to him, but it was evident that he could not stand Jules Simon any longer and the various measures that he felt were impending. We had many visitors after breakfast, all much excited, wondering what the next step would be—if the Chambers would be dissolved, the marshal trying to impose a cabinet of the Right or perhaps form another moderate liberal cabinet without Jules Simon, but retaining some of his ministers. It was my reception afternoon, and while I was sitting quietly in my drawing-room talking to some of my friends, making plans for the summer, quite pleased to have W. to myself again, the butler hurried into the room telling me that the Maréchale de MacMahon was on the stairs, coming to make me a visit. I was very much surprised, as she never came to see me. We met very rarely, except on official occasions, and she made no secret of her dislike to the official Republican ladies (but she was always absolutely correct if not enthusiastic). I had just time to get to the head of the stairs to receive her. She was very amiable, a little embarrassed, took a cup of tea—said the marshal was very sorry to part with W., he had never had any trouble or disagreement with him of any kind, but that it was impossible to go on with a cabinet when neither party had any confidence in the other. I quite agreed, said it was the fortunes of war; I hoped the marshal would find another premier who would be more sympathetic with him, and then we talked of other things.

My friends were quite amused. One of them, Marquise de T., knew the Maréchale quite well, and said she was going to ask her if she was obliged to make visites de condoléance to the wives of all the fallen ministers. W. was rather astonished when I told him who had come to tea with me, and thought the conversation must have been difficult. I told him, not at all, once the necessary phrases about the departing ministers were over. The piano was open, music littered about; she was fond of music and she admired very much a portrait of father as a boy in the Harrow dress, asked who it was and what the dress was. She was a perfect woman of the world, and no one was uncomfortable.

It seemed quite strange and very pleasant to take up my old life again after two years of public life. W. breakfasted at home, went to the Senate every day and to the Institute on Fridays and we dined with our friends and had small dinners in our own house instead of official banquets at all the ministries (usually from Potel and Chabot at so much a head). Politics were very lively all summer. The Chambers were dissolved almost at once after the constitution of the new cabinet, presided over by the Duc de Broglie. It was evident from the first moment that the new ministry wouldn't, couldn't live. (The Duc de Broglie was quite aware of the fact. His first words on taking office were: "On nous a jetés à l'eau, maintenant il faut nager.") He made a very good fight, but he had that worst of all faults for a leader, he was unpopular. He was a brilliant, cultured speaker, but had a curt, dictatorial manner, with an air always of looking down upon his public. So different from his colleague, the Duc Décazes, whose charming, courteous manners and nice blue eyes made him friends even among his adversaries. There is a well-known story told of the two dukes which shows exactly the personality of the men. Some one, a deputy I think, wanted something very much which either of the gentlemen could give. He went first to the Duc Décazes, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, who received him charmingly, was most kind and courteous, but didn't do what the man wanted. He then went to the Duc de Broglie, Président du Conseil, who was busy, received him very curtly, cut short his explanations, and was in fact extremely disagreeable but did the thing, and the man loved Décazes and hated de Broglie. All sorts of rumours were afloat; we used to hear the wildest stories and plans. One day W. came in looking rather preoccupied. There was an idea that the Right were going to take most stringent measures, arrest all the ministers, members of Jules Simon's cabinet, many of the prominent Liberals. He said it was quite possible and then gave me various instructions. I was above all to make no fuss if they really came to arrest him. He showed me where all his keys, papers, and money were, told me to go instantly to his uncle, Mr. Lutteroth, who lived next door. He was an old diplomat, knew everybody, and would give me very good advice. I did not feel very happy, but like so many things that are foretold, nothing ever happened.

Another rumour, from the extreme Left this time, was that a large armed force under the command of a well-known general, very high up in his career, was to assemble in the north at Lille, a strong contingent of Republicans were to join them to be ready to act. I remember quite well two of W.'s friends coming in one morning, full of enthusiasm for this plan. I don't think they quite knew what they were going to do with their army. W. certainly did not. He listened to all the details of the plan; they gave him the name of the general, supposed to have very Republican sympathies (not generally the case with officers), the number of regiments, etc., who would march at a given signal, but when he said, "It is possible, you might get a certain number of men together, but what would you do with them?" they were rather nonplussed. They hadn't got any further than a grand patriotic demonstration, with the military, drums beating, flags flying, and the Marseillaise being howled by an excited crowd. No such extreme measures, however, were ever carried out.

From the first moment it was evident that a large Republican majority would be returned; almost all the former deputies were re-elected and a number of new ones, more advanced in their opinion. In the country it was the only topic of conversation.

Parliament was dissolved in June, 1877, but we remained in town until the end of July. It wasn't very warm and many people remained until the end of the session. The big schools too only break up on the 15th of July, and many parents remain in Paris. The Republican campaign had already begun, and there were numerous little dinners and meetings when plans and possibilities were discussed. W. got back usually very late from Versailles. When he knew the sitting would be very late he sent me word and I used to go and dine with mother, but sometimes he was kept on there from hour to hour. I had some long waits before we could dine, and Hubert, the coachman, used to spend hours in the courtyard of the Gare St. Lazare waiting for his master. We had a big bay mare, a very fast trotter, which always did the train service, and the two were stationed there sometimes from six-thirty to nine-thirty, but they never seemed the worse for it. W., though a very considerate man for his servants generally, never worried at all about keeping his coachmen and

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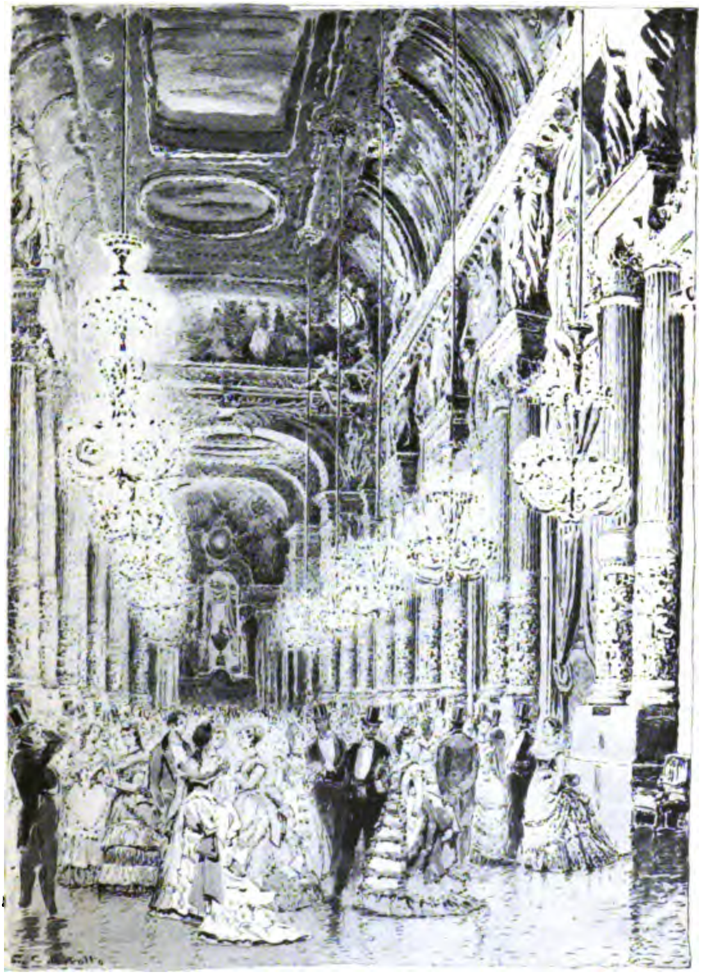


The foyer of the Opera.

horses waiting. He said the coachmen were the most warmly dressed men in Paris, always took care to be well covered, and we never had fancy, high-stepping horses, but ordinary strong ones, which could wait patiently. W. said the talk in the Chambers and in the lobbies was quite wild —every sort of extravagant proposition was made. There were many conferences with the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, Duc de Broglie—with Casimir Périer, Léon Say, Gambetta, Jules Ferry, and Freycinet—where the best men on both sides tried hard to come to an agreement. W. went several times in August to see M. Thiers, who was settled at St. Germain. The old statesman was as keen as ever, receiving every day all sorts of deputations, advising, warning, encouraging, and quite confident as to the result of the elections. People were looking to him as the next President, despite his great age. However, he was not destined to see the triumph of his ideas. He died suddenly at St. Germain on the 3d of September. W. said his funeral was a remarkable sight—thousands of people followed the cortège—all Paris showing a last respect to the libérateur du territoire (though there were still clubs where he was spoken of as le sinistre vieillard). In August W. went to his Conseil-Général at Laon, and I went down to my brother-in-law's place at St. Léger near Rouen. We were a very happy cosmopolitan family-party. My mother-in-law was born a Scotchwoman (Chisholm). She was a fine type of the old-fashioned cultivated lady, with a charming polite manner, keenly interested in all that was going on in the world. She was an old lady when I married, and had outlived almost all her contemporaries, but she had a beautiful old age, surrounded by children and grandchildren. She had lived through many vicissitudes from the time of her marriage, when she arrived at the Château of St. Remy in the Department of Eure-et-Loire (where my husband, her eldest son, was born), passing through triumphal arches erected in honour of the young bride, to the last days when the fortunes of the family were diminished by revolutions and political and business crises in France. They moved from St. Remy, selling the château, and built a house on the top of a green hill near Rouen, quite shut in by big trees, and with a lovely view from the Rond Point—the highest part of the garden, over Rouen—with the spires of the cathedral in the distance. I used to find her every morning when I went to her room, sitting at the window, her books and knitting on a table near—looking down on the lawn and the steep winding path that came up from the garden,—where she had seen three generations of her dear ones pass every day—first her husband, then her sons—now her grandsons. My sister-in-law, R.'s wife, was also an Englishwoman; the daughter of the house had married her cousin, de Bunsen, who had been a German diplomatist, and who had made nearly all his career in Italy, at the most interesting period of her history, when she was struggling for emancipation from the Austrian rule and independence. I was an American, quite a new element in the family circle. We had many and most animated discussions over all sorts of subjects, in two or three languages, at the tea-table under the big tree on the lawn. French and English were always going, and often German, as de Bunsen always spoke to his daughter in German. My mother-in-law, who knew three or four languages, did not at all approve of the careless habit we had all got into of mixing our languages and using French or Italian words when we were speaking English—if they came more easily. She made a rule that we should use only one language at meals—she didn't care which one, but we must keep to it. My brother-in-law was standing for the deputation. We didn't see much of him in the daytime—his electors and his visits and speeches and banquets de pompiers took up all his time. The beginning of his career had been very different. He was educated in England—Rugby and Woolwich—and served several years in the Royal Artillery in the British army. His military training was very useful to him during the Franco-Prussian War, when he equipped and commanded a field battery, making all the campaign. His English brother officers always remembered him. Many times when we were living in England at the embassy, I was asked about him. A curious thing happened in the House of Lords one day, showing the wonderful memory of princes for faces. R. was staying with us for a few days, when the annual debate over the bill for marriage of a deceased wife's sister came up. The Prince of Wales (late King Edward) and all the other princes were present in the House. R. was there too, standing where all the strangers do, at the entrance of the lobby. When the debate was over, the Prince of Wales left. As he passed along, he shook hands with several gentlemen also standing near the lobby, including R. He stopped a moment in front of him, saying: "I think this is Mr. Waddington. The last time I saw you, you wore Her Majesty's uniform." He hadn't seen him for twenty-five or thirty years. I asked the prince afterward how he recognised him. He said he didn't know; it was perhaps noticing an unfamiliar face in the group of men standing there,—and something recalled his brother, the ambassador.

In September we went down to Bourneville and settled ourselves there for the autumn. W. was standing for the Senate with the Count de St. Vallier and Henri Martin. They all preferred being named in their department, where everybody knew them and their personal influence could make itself more easily felt. W.'s campaign was not very arduous. All the people knew him and liked him —knew that he would do whatever he promised. Their programme was absolutely Republican, but moderate, and he only made a few speeches and went about the country a little. I often went with him when he rode, and some of our visits to the farmers and local authorities were amusing if not encouraging. We were always very well received, but it wasn't easy to find out what they really thought (if they did think about it at all) of the state of affairs. The small landowners particularly, the men who had one field and a garden, were very reserved. They listened attentively enough to all W. had to say. He was never long, never personal, and never abused his adversaries, but they rarely expressed an opinion. They almost always turned the conversation upon some local matter or petty grievance. It didn't seem to me that they took the slightest interest in the extraordinary changes that were going on in France. A great many people came to see W. and there would be a curious collection sometimes in his library at the end of the day. The doctor (who always had precise information—country doctors always have—they see a great many people and I fancy the women talk to them and tell them what their men are doing), one or two farmers, some schoolmasters, the mayors of the nearest villages, the captains of the firemen and of the archers (they still shoot with bow and arrow in our part of the country; every Sunday the men practise shooting at a target)—the gendarmes, very useful these too to bring news—the notary, and occasionally a sous-préfet, but then he was a personage, representing the Government, and was treated with more ceremony than the other visitors. It was evident from all these sources that the Republicans were coming to the front en masse.

The Republicans (for once) were marvellously disciplined and kept together. It was really wonderful when one thought of all the different elements that were represented in the party. There was quite as much difference between the quiet moderate men of the Left Centre and the extreme Left as there was between the Legitimists and any faction of the Republican party. There was a strong feeling among the Liberals that they were being coerced, that arbitrary measures, perhaps a coup d'état, would be sprung upon them, and they were quite determined to resist. I don't think there was ever any danger of a coup d'état, at least as long as Marshal MacMahon was the chief of state. He was a fine honourable, patriotic soldier, utterly incapable of an illegality of any kind. He didn't like the Republic, honestly thought it would never succeed with the Republicans (la République sans Républicains was for him its only chance)—and he certainly had illusions and thought his friends and advisers would succeed in making and keeping a firm conservative government. How far that illusion was shared by his entourage it is difficult to say. They fought their battle well—government pressure exercised in all ways. Préfets and sous-préfets changed, wonderful prospects of little work and high pay held out to doubtful electors, and the same bright illusive promises made to the masses, which all parties make in all elections and which the people believe each time. The Republicans were not idle either, and many fiery patriotic speeches were made on their side. Gambetta always held his public, with his passionate, earnest declamation, and his famous phrase, that the marshal must "se soumettre ou se démettre," became a password all through the country.

V

A REPUBLICAN VICTORY AND A NEW MINISTRY

THE elections took place in October–November, 1877, and gave at once a great Republican majority. W. and his two colleagues, Count de St. Vallier and Henri Martin, had an easy victory, but a great many of their personal friends, moderates, were beaten. The centres were decidedly weaker in the new Chambers. There was not much hope left of uniting the two centres, Droite et Gauche, in the famous "fusion" which had been a dream of the moderate men.

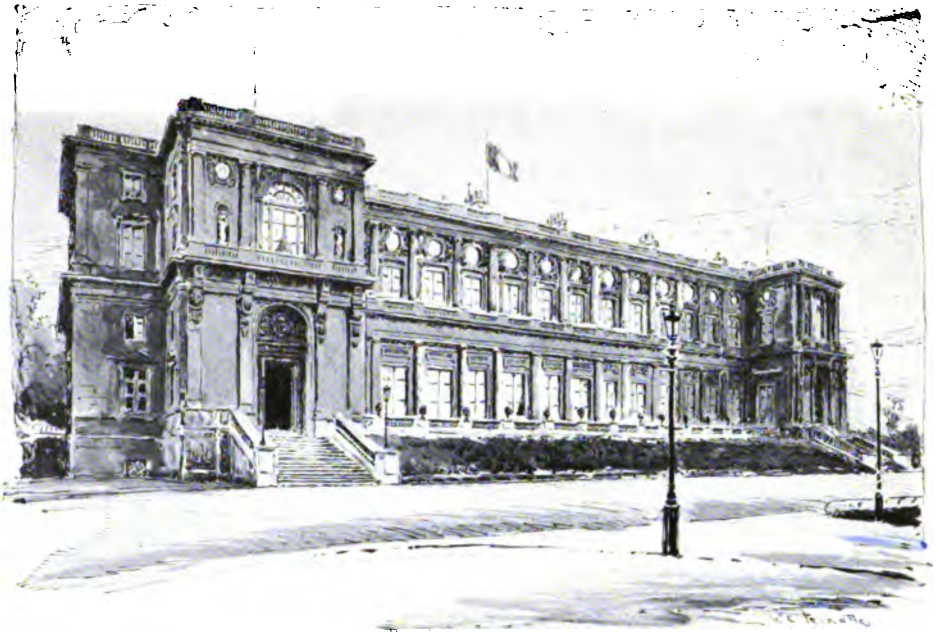
The new Chambers assembled at Versailles in November. The Broglie cabinet was out, but a new ministry of the Right faced the new Parliament. Their life was very short and stormy; they were really dead before they began to exist and in December the marshal sent for M. Dufaure and charged him to form a Ministère de Gauche. None of his personal friends, except General Borel at the War Office, was in the new combination.

W. was named to the Foreign Office. I was rather disappointed when he came home and told me he had accepted that portfolio. I thought his old ministry, Public Instruction, suited him so well, the work interested him, was entirely to his taste. He knew all the literary and educational world, not only in France but everywhere else—England, of course, where he had kept up with many of his Cambridge comrades, and Germany, where he also had literary connections. However, that wide acquaintance and his perfect knowledge of English and English people helped him very much at once, not only at the Quai d'Orsay, but in all the years he was in England as ambassador.

The new ministry, with Dufaure as President of the Council, Léon Say at the Finances, M. de Freycinet at Public Works, and W. at the Foreign Office was announced the 14th of December, 1877. The preliminaries had been long and difficult—the marshal and his friends on one side—the Republicans and Gambetta on the other—the moderates trying to keep things together. Personally, I was rather sorry W. had agreed to be a member of the cabinet; I was not very keen about official life and foresaw a great deal that would be disagreeable. Politics played such a part in social life. All the "society," the Faubourg St. Germain (which represents the old names and titles of France), was violently opposed to the Republic. I was astonished the first years of my married life in France, to see people of certain position and standing give the cold shoulder to men they had known all their lives because they were Republicans, knowing them quite well to be honourable, independent gentlemen, wanting nothing from the Republic—merely trying to do their best for the country. I only realised by degrees that people held off a little from me sometimes, as the wife of a Republican deputy. I didn't care particularly, as I had never lived in France, and knew very few people, but it didn't make social relations very pleasant, and I should have been better pleased if W. had taken no active part. However, that feeling was only temporary. I soon became keenly interested in politics (I suppose it is in the blood—all the men in my family in America were politicians) and in the discussion of the various questions which were rapidly changing France into something quite different. Whether the change has been for the better it would be hard to say even now, after more than thirty-five years of the Republic.

Freycinet was a great strength. He was absolutely Republican, but moderate—very clever and energetic, a great friend of Gambetta's—and a beautiful speaker. I have heard men say who didn't care about him particularly, and who were not at all of his way of thinking, that they would rather not discuss with him. He was sure to win them over to his cause with his wonderful, clear persuasive arguments.

The first days were very busy ones. W. had to see all his staff (a very large one) of the Foreign Office, and organise his own cabinet. He was out all day, until late in the evening, at the Quai d'Orsay; used to go over there about ten or ten-thirty, breakfast there, and get back for a very late dinner, and always had a director or secretary working with him at our own house after dinner. I went over three or four times to inspect the ministry, as I had a presentiment we should end by living there. The house is large and handsome, with a fine staircase and large high rooms. The furniture of course was "ministerial"—stiff and heavy—gold-backed chairs and sofas standing in rows against the walls. There were some good pictures, among others the "Congrès de Paris," which occupies a prominent place in one of the salons, and splendid tapestries. The most attractive thing was a fine large garden at the back, but, as the living-rooms were up-stairs, we didn't use it very much.



Palace of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Paris.

The lower rooms, which opened on the gardens, were only used as reception-rooms. The minister's cabinet was also down-stairs, communicating by a small staircase with his bedroom, just overhead. The front of the house looks on the Seine; we had always a charming view from the windows, at night particularly, when all the little steamers (mouches) were passing with their lights. I had of course to make acquaintance with all the diplomatic corps. I knew all the ambassadors and most of the ministers, but there were some representatives of the smaller powers and South American Republics with whom I had never come in contact. Again I paid a formal official visit to the Maréchale de MacMahon as soon as the ministry was announced. She was perfectly polite and correct, but one felt at once she hadn't the slightest sympathy for anything Republican, and we never got to know each other any better all the months we were thrown together. We remained for several weeks at our own house, and then most reluctantly determined to install ourselves at the ministry. W. worked always very late after dinner, and he felt it was not possible to ask his directors, all important men of a certain age, to come up to the Quartier de l'Etoile at ten o'clock and keep them busy until midnight. W.'s new chef de cabinet, Comte de Pontécoulant, was very anxious that we should move, thought everything would be simplified if W. were living over there. I had never known Pontécoulant until W. chose him as his chef de cabinet. He was a diplomatist with some years of service behind him, and was perfectly au courant of all the routine and habits of the Foreign Office. He paid me a short formal visit soon after he had accepted the post; we exchanged a few remarks about the situation, I hoped we would faire bon ménage, and had no particular impression of him except that he was very French and stiff; I didn't suppose I should see much of him. It seems curious now to look back upon that first interview. We all became so fond of him, he was a loyal, faithful friend, was always ready to help me in any small difficulties, and I went to him for everything—visits, servants, horses, etc. W. had no time for any details or amenities of life. We moved over just before New Year's day. As the gros mobilier was already there, we only took over personal things, grand piano, screens, tables, easy chairs, and small ornaments and bibelots. These were all sent off in a van early one morning, and after luncheon I went over, having given rendezvous to Pontécoulant and M. Kruft, chef du matériel, an excellent, intelligent man, who was most useful and devoted to me the two years I lived at the ministry. I was very depressed when we drove into the courtyard. I had never lived on that side of the river, and felt cut off from all my belongings,—the bridge a terror, so cold in winter, so hot in summer,—I never got accustomed to it, never crossed it on foot. The sight of the great empty rooms didn't reassure me. The reception-rooms of course were very handsome. There were a great many servants, huissiers, and footmen standing about, and people waiting in the big drawing-room to speak to W. The living-rooms up-stairs were ghastly—looked bare and uncomfortable in the highest degree. They were large and high and looked down upon the garden, though that on a bleak December day was not very cheerful—but there were possibilities. Kruft was very sympathetic, understood quite well how I felt, and was ready to do anything in the way of stoves, baths, wardrobes in the lingerie, new carpets, and curtains, that I wanted. Pontécoulant too was eminently practical, and I was quite amused to find myself discussing lingeries and bathrooms with a total stranger whom I had only seen twice in my life. It took me about a week to get really settled. I went over every day, returning to my own house to eat and sleep.

Kruft did wonders; the place was quite transformed when I finally moved over. The rooms looked very bright and comfortable when we arrived in the afternoon of the 31st of December (New Year's eve). The little end salon, which I made my boudoir, was hung with blue satin; my piano, screens, and little things were very well placed—plenty of palms and flowers, bright fires everywhere—the bedrooms, nursery, and lingeries clean and bright. My bedroom opened on a large salon, where I received usually, keeping my boudoir for ourselves and our intimate friends. My special huissier, Gérard, who sat all day outside of the salon door, was presented to me, and instantly became a most useful and important member of the household—never forgot a name or a face, remembered what cards and notes I had received, whether the notes were answered, or the bills paid, knew almost all my wardrobe, would bring me down a coat or a wrap if I wanted one suddenly downstairs. I had frequent consultations with Pontécoulant and Kruft to regulate all the details of the various services before we were quite settled. We took over all our own servants and found many others who were on the permanent staff of the ministry, footmen, huissiers, and odd men who attended to all the fires, opened and shut all the doors, windows, and shutters. It was rather difficult to organise the regular working service, there was such rivalry between our own personal servants and the men who belonged to the house, but after a little while things went pretty smoothly. W. dined out the first night we slept at the Quai d'Orsay, and about an hour after we had arrived, while I was still walking about in my hat and coat, feeling very strange in the big, high rooms, I was told that the lampiste was waiting my orders (a few lamps had been lit in some of the rooms). I didn't quite know what orders to give, hadn't mastered yet the number that would be required; but I sent for him, said I should be alone for dinner, perhaps one or two lamps in the dining-room and small salon would be enough. He evidently thought that was not at all sufficient, wanted something more precise, so I said to light as he had been accustomed to when the Duc Décazes and his family were dining alone (which I don't suppose they ever did, nor we either when we once took up our life). Such a blaze of light met my eyes when I went to dinner that I was quite bewildered—boudoir, billiard-room, dining-room (very large, the small round table for one person hardly perceptible), and corridors all lighted "à giorno." However, it looked very cheerful and kept me from feeling too dreadfully homesick for my own house and familiar surroundings. The rooms were so high up that we didn't hear the noise of the street, but the river looked alive and friendly with the lights on the bridges, and a few boats still running.

We had much more receiving and entertaining to do at the Quai d'Orsay than at any other ministry, and were obliged to go out much more ourselves. The season in the official world begins with a reception at the President's on New Year's day. The diplomatic corps and presidents of the Senate and Chamber go in state to the Elysée to pay their respects to the chief of state—the ambassadors with all their staff in uniform in gala carriages. It is a pretty sight, and there are always a good many people waiting in the Faubourg St. Honoré to see the carriages. The English carriage is always the best; they understand all the details of harness and livery so much better than any one else. The marshal and his family were established at the Elysée. It wasn't possible for him to remain at Versailles—he couldn't be so far from Paris, where all sorts of questions were coming up every day, and he was obliged to receive deputations and reports, and see people of all kinds. They were already agitating the question of the Parliament coming back to Paris. The deputies generally were complaining of the loss of time and the discomfort of the daily journey even in the parliamentary train. The Right generally was very much opposed to having the Chambers back in Paris. I never could understand why. I suppose they were afraid that a stormy sitting might lead to disturbances. In the streets of a big city there is always a floating population ready to espouse violently any cause. At Versailles one was away from any such danger, and, except immediately around the palace, there was nobody in the long, deserted avenues. They often cited the United States, how no statesman after the signing of the Declaration of Independence (in Philadelphia) would have ventured to propose that the Parliament should sit in New York or Philadelphia, but the reason there was very different; they were obliged to make a neutral zone, something between the North and the South. The District of Columbia is a thing apart, belonging to neither side. It has certainly worked very well in America. Washington is a fine city, with its splendid old trees and broad avenues. It has a cachet of its own, is unlike any other city I know in the world.

The marshal received at the Elysée every Thursday evening—he and his staff in uniform, also all the officers who came, which made a brilliant gathering. Their big dinners and receptions were always extremely well done. Except a few of their personal friends, not many people of society were present—the diplomatic corps usually very well represented, the Government and their wives, and a certain number of liberal deputies—a great many officers. We received every fifteen days, beginning with a big dinner. It was an open reception, announced in the papers. The diplomats always mustered very strong, also the Parliament—not many women. Many of the deputies remained in the country, taking rooms merely while the Chambers were sitting, and their wives never appeared in Paris. "Society" didn't come to us much either, except on certain occasions when we had a royal prince or some very distinguished foreigners. Besides the big official receptions, we often had small dinners up-stairs during the week. Some of these I look back to with much pleasure. I was generally the only lady with eight or ten men, and the talk was often brilliant. Some of our habitués were the late Lord Houghton, a delightful talker; Lord Dufferin, then ambassador in St. Petersburg; Sir Henry Layard, British ambassador in Spain, an interesting man who had been everywhere and seen and known everybody worth knowing in the world; Count Schouvaloff, Russian ambassador in London, a polished courtier, extremely intelligent; he and W. were colleagues afterward at the Congrès de Berlin, and W. has often told me how brilliantly he defended his cause; General Ignatieff, Prince Orloff, the nunzio Monsignor Czascki, quite charming, the type of the prélat mondain, very large (though very Catholic) in his ideas, but never aggressive or disagreeable about the Republic, as so many of the clergy were. He was very fond of music, and went with me sometimes to the Conservatoire on Sunday; he had a great admiration for the way they played classical music; used to lean back in his chair in a corner (would never sit in front of the box) and drink in every sound.

We sometimes had informal music in my little blue salon. Baron de Zuylen, Dutch minister, was an excellent musician, also Comte de Beust, the Austrian ambassador. He was a composer. I remember his playing me one day a wedding march he had composed for the marriage of one of the archdukes. It was very descriptive, with bells, cannon, hurrahs, and a nuptial hymn—rather difficult to render on a piano—but there was a certain amount of imagination in the composition. The two came often with me to the Conservatoire. Comte de Beust brought Liszt to me one day. I wanted so much to see that complex character, made up of enthusiasms of all kinds, patriotic, religious, musical. He was dressed in the ordinary black priestly garb, looked like an ascetic with pale, thin face, which lighted up very much when discussing any subject that interested him. He didn't say a word about music, either then or on a subsequent occasion when I lunched with him at the house of a great friend and admirer, who was a beautiful musician. I hoped he would play after luncheon. He was a very old man, and played rarely in those days, but one would have liked to hear him. Madame M. thought he would perhaps for her, if the party were not too large, and the guests "sympathetic" to him. I have heard so many artists say it made all the difference to them when they felt the public was with them—if there were one unsympathetic or criticising face in the mass of people, it was the only face they could distinguish, and it affected them very much. The piano was engagingly open and music littered about, but he apparently didn't see it. He talked politics, and a good deal about pictures with some artists who were present.

I did hear him play many years later in London.

Franz Liszt.

We were again lunching together, at the house of a mutual friend, who was not at all musical. There wasn't even a piano in the house, but she had one brought in for the occasion. When I arrived rather early, the day of the party, I found the mistress of the house, aided by Count Hatzfeldt, then German ambassador to England, busily engaged in transforming her drawing-room. The grand piano, which had been standing well out toward the middle of the room, open, with music on it (I dare say some of Liszt's own—but I didn't have time to examine), was being pushed back into a corner, all the music hidden away, and the instrument covered with photographs, vases of flowers, statuettes, heavy books, all the things one doesn't habitually put on pianos. I was quite puzzled, but Hatzfeldt, who was a great friend of Liszt's and knew all his peculiarities, when consulted by Madame A. as to what she could do to induce Liszt to play, had answered: "Begin by putting the piano in the furthest, darkest corner of the room, and put all sorts of heavy things on it. Then he won't think you have asked him in the hope of hearing him play, and perhaps we can persuade him." The arrangements were just finished as the rest of the company arrived. We were not a large party, and the talk was pleasant enough. Liszt looked much older, so colourless, his skin like ivory, but he seemed just as animated and interested in everything. After luncheon, when they were smoking (all of us together, no one went into the smoking-room), he and Hatzfeldt began talking about the Empire and the beautiful fêtes at Compiègne, where anybody of any distinction in any branch of art or literature was invited. Hatzfeldt led the conversation to some evenings when Strauss played his waltzes with an entrain, a sentiment that no one else has ever attained, and to Offenbach and his melodies—one evening particularly when he had improvised a song for the Empress—he couldn't quite remember it. If there were a piano—he looked about. There was none apparently. "Oh, yes, in a corner, but so many things upon it, it was evidently never meant to be opened." He moved toward it, Liszt following, asking Comtesse A. if it could be opened. The things were quickly removed. Hatzfeldt sat down and played a few bars in rather a halting fashion. After a moment Liszt said: "No, no, it is not quite that." Hatzfeldt got up. Liszt seated himself at the piano, played two or three bits of songs, or waltzes, then, always talking to Hatzfeldt, let his fingers wander over the keys and by degrees broke into a nocturne and a wild Hungarian march. It was very curious; his fingers looked as if they were made of yellow ivory, so thin and long, and of course there wasn't any strength or execution in his playing—it was the touch of an old man, but a master—quite unlike anything I have ever heard. When he got up, he said: "Oh, well, I didn't think the old fingers had any music left in them." We tried to thank him, but he wouldn't listen to us, immediately talked about something else. When he had gone we complimented the ambassador on the way in which he had managed the thing. Hatzfeldt was a charming colleague, very clever, very musical, a thorough man of the world. I was always pleased when he was next to me at dinner—I was sure of a pleasant hour. He had been many years in Paris during the brilliant days of the Empire, knew everybody there worth knowing. He had the reputation, notwithstanding his long stay in Paris, of being very anti-French. I could hardly judge of that, as he never talked politics to me. It may very likely have been true, but not more marked with him than with the generality of Anglo-Saxons and Northern races, who rather look down upon the Latins, hardly giving them credit for their splendid dash and pluck—to say nothing of their brains. I have lived in a great many countries, and always think that as a people, I mean the uneducated mass, the French are the most intelligent nation in the world. I have never been thrown with the Japanese—am told they are extraordinarily intelligent.

We had a dinner one night for Mr. Gladstone, his wife, and a daughter. Mr. Gladstone made himself quite charming, spoke French fairly well, and knew more about every subject discussed than any one else in the room. He was certainly a wonderful man, such extraordinary versatility and such a memory. It was rather pretty to see Mrs. Gladstone when her husband was talking. She was quite absorbed by him, couldn't talk to her neighbours. They wanted very much to go to the Conciergerie to see the prison where the unfortunate Marie Antoinette passed the last days of her unhappy life, and Mr. Gladstone, inspired by the subject, made us a sort of conférence on the French Revolution and the causes which led up to it, culminating in the Terror and the execution of the King and Queen. He spoke in English (we were a little group standing at the door—they were just going), in beautiful academic language, and it was most interesting, graphic, and exact. Even W., who knew him well and admired him immensely, was struck by his brilliant improvisation.

We were often asked for permits by our English

William E. Gladstone.

From a photograph by Samuel A. Walker, London.

and American friends to see all the places of historical interest in Paris, and the two places which all wanted to see were the Conciergerie and Napoleon's tomb at the Invalides. When we first came to Paris in 1866, just after the end of the long struggle between the North and South in America, our first visits too were for the Conciergerie, Invalides, and Notre Dame, where my father had not been since he had gone as a very young man with all Paris to see the flags that had been brought back from Austerlitz. They were interesting days, those first ones in Paris, so full of memories for father, who had been there a great deal in his young days, first as an élève in the Ecole Polytechnique, later when the Allies were in Paris. He took us one day to the Luxembourg Gardens, to see if he could find any trace of the spot where in 1815 during the Restoration Marshal Ney had been shot. He was in Paris at the time, and was in the garden a few hours after the execution—remembered quite well the wall against which the marshal stood—and the comments of the crowd, not very flattering for the Government in executing one of France's bravest and most brilliant soldiers.

All the Americans who came to see us at the Quai d'Orsay were much interested in everything relating to Général Marquis de Lafayette, who left an undying memory in America, and many pilgrimages were made to the Château de la Grange, where the Marquis de Lafayette spent the last years of his life and extended a large and gracious hospitality to all his friends. It is an interesting old place, with a moat all around it and high solid stone walls, where one still sees the hole that was made in the wall by a cannon-ball sent by Maréchal de Turenne as he was passing with his troops, as a friendly souvenir to the owner, with whom he was not on good terms. So many Americans and English too are imbued with the idea that there are no châteaux, no country life in France, that I am delighted when they can see that there are just as many as in any other country. A very clever American writer, whose books have been much read and admired, says that when travelling in France in the country, he never saw any signs of wealth or gentlemen's property. I think he didn't want to admire anything French, but I wonder in what part of France he has travelled. Besides the well-known historic châteaux of Chaumont, Chenonceaux, Azay-le-Rideau, Maintenon, Dampierre, Josselin, Valençay, and scores of others, there are quantities of small Louis XV châteaux and manoirs, half hidden in a corner of a forest, which the stranger never sees. They are quite charming, built of red brick with white copings, with stiff old-fashioned gardens, and trees cut into all sorts of fantastic shapes. Sometimes the parish church touches the castle on one side, and there is a private entrance for the seigneurs. The interior arrangements in some of the old ones leave much to be desired in the way of comfort and modern improvements,—lighting very bad, neither gas nor electricity, and I should think no baths anywhere, hardly a tub. On the banks of the Seine and the Loire, near the great forests, in all the departments near Paris there are quantities of châteaux —some just on the border of the highroad, separated from it by high iron gates, through which one sees long winding alleys with stone benches and vases with red geraniums planted in them, a sun-dial and stiff formal rows of trees—some less pretentious with merely an ordinary wooden gate, generally open, and always flowers of the simplest kind, geraniums, sunflowers, pinks, dahlias, and chrysanthemums—what we call a jardin de curé, (curate's garden)—but in great abundance. With very rare exceptions the lawns are not well kept—one never sees in this country the smooth green turf that one does in England.

Some of the old châteaux are very stately—

sometimes one enters by a large quadrangle, quite surrounded by low arcades covered with ivy, a fountain and good-sized basin in the middle of the courtyard, and a big clock over the door—sometimes they stand in a moat, one goes over a drawbridge with massive doors, studded with iron nails and strong iron bolts and chains which defend the entrance, making one think of old feudal days, when might was right, and if a man wanted his neighbour's property, he simply took it. Even some of the smaller châteaux have moats. I think they are more picturesque than comfortable—an ivy-covered house with a moat around it is a nest for mosquitoes and insects of all kinds, and I fancy the damp from the water must finish by pervading the house. French people of all classes love the country and a garden with bright flowers, and if the poorer ones can combine a rabbit hutch with the flowers they are quite happy.

I have heard W. speak sometimes of a fine old château in our department—(Aisne) belonging to a deputy, who invited his friends to shoot and breakfast. The cuisine and shooting were excellent, but the accommodations fantastic. The neighbours said nothing had been renewed or cleaned since the château was occupied by the Cossacks under the first Napoleon.

We got very little country life during those years at the Foreign Office. Twice a year, in April and August, W. went to Laon for his Conseil-Général, over which he presided, but he was rarely able to stay all through the session. He was always present on the opening day, and at the préfet's dinner, and took that opportunity to make a short speech, explaining the foreign policy of the Government. I don't think it interested his colleagues as much as all the local questions—roads, schools, etc. It is astonishing how much time is wasted and how much letter-writing is necessitated by the simplest change in a road or railway crossing in France. We had rather a short narrow turning to get into our gate at Bourneville, and W. wanted to have the road enlarged just a little, so as to avoid the sharp angle. It didn't interfere with any one, as we were several yards from the highroad, but it was months, more than a year, before the thing was done. Any one of the workmen on the farm would have finished it in a day's work.

At one of our small dinners I had such a characteristic answer from an English diplomatist, who had been ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was really a charming talker, but wouldn't speak French. That was of no consequence as long as he only talked to me, but naturally all the people at the table wanted to talk to him, and when the general conversation languished, at last, I said to him: "I wish you would speak French; none of these gentlemen speak any other language." (It was quite true, the men of my husband's age spoke very rarely any other language but their own; now almost all the younger generation speak German or English or both. Almost all my son's friends speak English perfectly.) "Oh no, I can't," he said; "I haven't enough the habit of speaking French. I don't say the things I want to say, only the things I can say, which is very different." "But what did you do in Russia?" "All the women speak English." "But for affairs, diplomatic negotiations?" "All the women speak English." I have often heard it said that the Russian women were much more clever than the men. He evidently had found it true.

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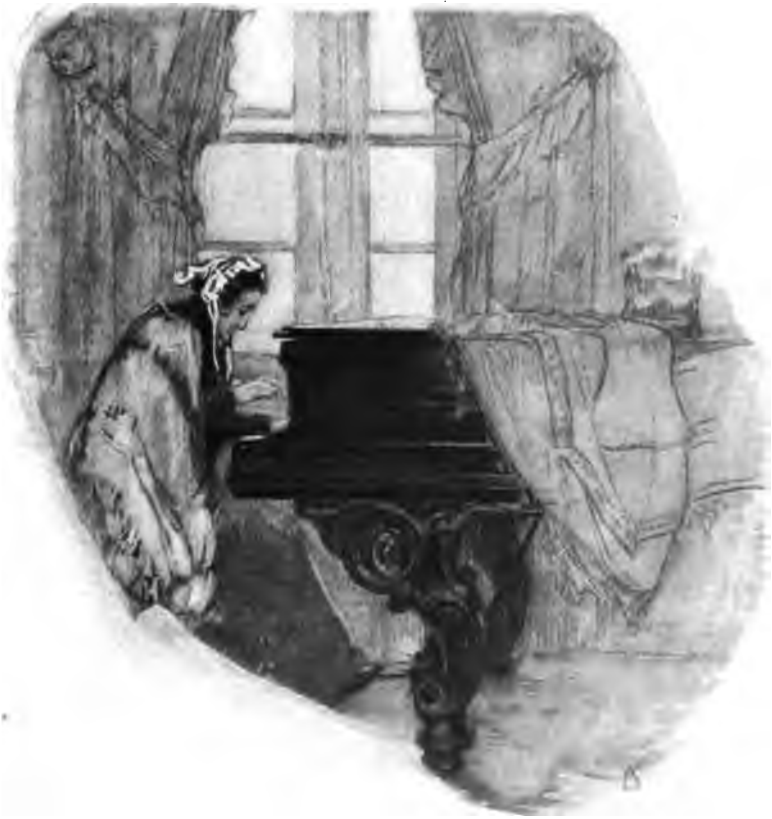

I loved to hear her play Beethoven and Handel.

VI

THE EXPOSITION YEAR

THE big political dinners were always interesting. On one occasion we had a banquet on the 2d of December. My left-hand neighbour, a senator, said to me casually: "This room looks very different from what it did the last time I was in it." "Does it? I should have thought a big official dinner at the Foreign Office would have been precisely the same under any régime." "A dinner perhaps, but on that occasion we were not precisely dining. I and a number of my friends had just been arrested, and we were waiting here in this room strictly guarded, until it was decided what should be done with us." Then I remembered that it was the 2d of December, the anniversary of Louis Napoléon's coup d'état. He said they were quite unprepared for it, in spite of warnings. He was sent out of the country for a little while, but I don't think his exile was a very terrible one.

I got my first lesson in diplomatic politeness from Lord Lyons, then British ambassador in Paris. He was in Paris during the Franco-German War, knew everybody, and had a great position. He gave very handsome dinners, liked his guests to be punctual, was very punctual himself, always arrived on the stroke of eight when he dined with us. We had an Annamite mission to dine one night and had invited almost all the ambassadors and ministers to meet them. There had been a stormy sitting at the Chamber and W. was late. As soon as I was ready I went to his library and waited for him; I couldn't go down and receive a foreign mission without him. We were quite seven or eight minutes late and found all the company assembled (except the Annamites, who were waiting with their interpreter in another room to make their entry in proper style). As I shook hands with Lord Lyons (who was doyen of the diplomatic corps) he said to me: "Ah, Madame Waddington, I see the Republic is becoming very royal; you don't receive your guests any more, merely come into the room when all the company is assembled." He said it quite smilingly, but I understood very well, and of course we ought to have been there when the first guests arrived. He was very amiable all the same and told me a great many useful things—for instance, that I must

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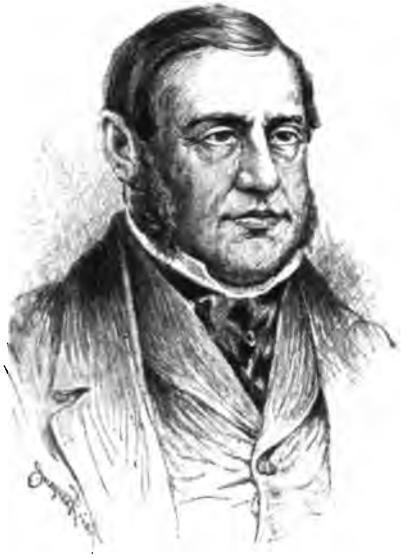


Lord Lyons.

never invite a cardinal and an ambassador together, as neither of them would yield the precedence and I would find myself in a very awkward position.

The Annamites were something awful to see. In their country all the men of a certain standing blacken their teeth, and I suppose the dye makes their teeth fall out, as they hadn't any apparently, and when they opened their mouths the black caverns one saw were terrifying. I had been warned, but notwithstanding it made a most disagreeable impression on me. They were very richly attired, particularly the first three, who were très grands seigneurs in Annam,—heavily embroidered silk robes, feathers, and jewels, and when they didn't open their mouths they were rather a decorative group,—were tall, powerfully built men. They knew no French nor English—spoke through the interpreter. My intercourse with them was very limited. They were not near me at dinner, but afterward I tried to talk to them a little. They all stood in a group at one end of the room, flanked by an interpreter—the three principal chiefs well in front. I don't know what the interpreter said to them from me, probably embellished my very banal remarks with flowers of rhetoric, but they were very smiling, opening wide their black mouths and made me very low bows—evidently appreciated my intention and effort to be amiable.

They brought us presents, carpets, carved and inlaid mother-of-pearl boxes, cabinets, and some curious saddles, also gold-embroidered cushions and slippers. Some Arab horses were announced with great pomp from the Sultan's stables. I was rather interested in them, thought it would be amusing to drive a long-tailed Arab pony in a little cart in the morning. They were brought one morning to the Quai d'Orsay, and W. gave rendezvous to Comte de Pontécoulant and some of the sporting men of the cabinet, in the courtyard. There were also several stablemen, all much interested in the idea of taming the fiery steeds of the desert. The first look was disappointing. They were thin, scraggy animals, apparently all legs and manes. Long tails they had, and small heads, but anything so tame and sluggish in their movements could hardly be imagined. One could scarcely get them to canter around the courtyard. We were all rather disgusted, as sometimes one sees pretty little Arab horses in Paris. I don't know what became of them; I fancy they were sent to the cavalry stables.

Our first great function that winter was the service at the Madeleine for the King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel, who died suddenly in the beginning of January, 1878. France sent a special mission to the funeral—the old Marshal Canrobert, who took with him the marshal's son, Fabrice de MacMahon. The Church of the Madeleine was filled with people of all kinds—the diplomatic corps in uniform, a very large representation of senators and deputies. There was a slight hesitation among some of the Left—who were ardent sympathisers with young Italy—but who didn't care to compromise themselves by taking part in a religious ceremony. However, as a rule they went. Some of the ladies of the Right were rather put out at having to go in deep mourning to the service. I said to one of them: "But you are not correct; you have a black dress certainly, but I don't think pearl-grey gloves are proper for such an occasion." "Oh, they express quite sufficiently the grief I feel on this occasion."

It was curious that the King should have gone before the old Pope, who had been failing for some time. Every day we expected to hear of his death. There were many speculations over the new King of Italy, the Prince Humbert of our day. As we had lived so many years in Rome, I was often asked what he was like, but I really had no opinion.

One saw him very little. I remember one day in the hunting-field he got a nasty fall. His horse put his foot in a hole and fell with him. It looked a bad accident, as if the horse were going to roll over on him. I, with one of my friends, was near, and seeing an accident (I didn't know who it was) naturally stopped to see if our groom could do anything, but an officer rode hurriedly up and begged us to go on, that the Prince would be very much annoyed if any one, particularly a woman, should notice his fall. I saw him later in the day, looking all right on another horse, and no one made any allusion to the accident.

About a month after Victor Emmanuel's death the old Pope died, the 8th of February, 1878, quite suddenly at the end. He was buried of course in Rome, and it was very difficult to arrange for his funeral in the Rome of the King of Italy. However, he did lie in state at St. Peter's, the noble garde in their splendid uniforms standing close around the catafalque—long lines of Italian soldiers, the bersaglieri with their waving plumes, on each side of the great aisle. There was a magnificent service for him at Notre Dame. The Chambers raised their sitting as a mark of respect to the head of the church, and again there was a great attendance at the cathedral. There were many discussions in the monde (society not official) "as to whether one should wear mourning for the Saint Père." I believe the correct thing is not to wear mourning, but almost all the ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain went about in black garments for some time. One of my friends put it rather graphically: "Si on a un ruban rose dans les cheveux on a tout de suite l'air d'être la maîtresse de Rochefort."

All Europe was engrossed with the question of the Pope's successor. Intrigues and undercurrents were going on hard in Rome, and the issue of the conclave was impatiently awaited. No one could predict any result. The election of Cardinal Pecci, future Leo XIII, seemed satisfactory, at least in the beginning.

My winter passed pleasantly enough; I began to feel more at home in my new quarters, and saw many interesting people of all kinds. Every now and then there would be a very lively debate in the Parliament. W. would come home very late, saying things couldn't go on like that, and we would surely be out of office in a few weeks. We always kept our house in the rue Dumont d'Urville, and I went over every week, often thinking that in a few days we should be back there again.

One of my great trials was a reception day. W.

thought I ought to have one, so every Friday I was at home from three until six, and very long afternoons they were. I insisted upon having a tea-table, which was a novelty in those days, but it broke the stiff semicircle of red and gold armchairs carefully arranged at one end of the room. Very few men took tea. It was rather amusing to see some of the deputies who didn't exactly like to refuse a cup of tea offered to them by the minister's wife, holding the cup and saucer most carefully in their hands, making a pretence of sipping the tea and replacing it hastily on the table as soon as it was possible. I had of course a great many people of different nationalities, who generally didn't know each other. The ambassadresses and ministers' wives sat on each side of my sofa—the smaller people lower down. They were all announced, my huissier, Gérard, doing it very well, opening the big doors and roaring out the names. Sometimes, at the end of the day, some of my own friends or some of the young men from the chancery would come in, and that would cheer me up a little. There was no conversation, merely an exchange of formal phrases, but I had some funny experiences.

One day I had several ladies whom I didn't know at all, wives of deputies, or small functionaries at some of the ministries. One of my friends, Comtesse de B., was starting for Italy and Rome for the first time. She had come to ask me all sorts of questions about clothes, hotels, people to see, etc. When she went away in a whirl of preparations and addresses, I turned to one of my neighbours, saying: "Je crois qu'on est très bien à l'Hôtel de Londres à Rome," quite an insignificant and inoffensive remark—merely to say something. She replied haughtily: "Je n'en sais rien, Madame; je n'ai jamais quitté Paris et je m'en vante." I was so astonished that I had nothing to say, but was afterward sorry that I had not continued the conversation and asked her why she was so especially proud of never having left Paris. Travelling is usually supposed to enlarge one's ideas. Her answer might have been interesting. W. wouldn't believe it when I told him, but I said I couldn't really have invented it. I used to go into his cabinet at the end of the day always, when he was alone with Pontécoulant, and tell them all my experiences which W. forbid me to mention anywhere else. I had a good many surprises, but soon learned never to be astonished and to take everything as a matter of course.

The great interest of the summer was the Exposition Universelle which was to take place at the Trocadéro, the new building which had been built on the Champ de Mars. The opening was announced for the 1st of May and was to be performed with great pomp by the marshal. All Europe was represented except Germany, and almost all the great powers were sending princes to represent their country. We went often to see how the works were getting on, and I must say it didn't look as if it could possibly be ready for the 1st of May. There were armies of workmen in every direction and carts and camions loaded with cases making their way with difficulty through the mud. Occasionally a light case or bale would fall off, and quantities of small boys who seemed always on the spot would precipitate themselves, tumbling over each other to pick up what fell, and there would be protestations and explanations in every language under the sun. It was a motley, picturesque crowd—the costumes and uniforms making so much colour in the midst of the very ordinary dark clothes the civilised Western world affects. I felt sorry for the Orientals and people from milder climes—they looked so miserably cold and wretched shivering under the very fresh April breezes that swept over the great plain of the Champ de Mars. The machines, particularly the American ones, attracted great attention. There was always a crowd waiting when some of the large pieces were swung down into their places by enormous pulleys.

The opening ceremony was very brilliant. Happily it was a beautiful warm day, as all the guests invited by the marshal and the Government were seated on a platform outside the Trocadéro building. All the diplomatic corps, foreign royalties, and commissioners of the different nations who were taking part in the exposition were invited. The view was lovely as we looked down from our seats. The great enclosure was packed with people. All the pavilions looked very gay with bright-coloured walls and turrets, and there were flags, palms, flowers, and fountains everywhere—the Seine running through the middle with fanciful bridges and boats. There was a curious collection of people in the tribunes. The invitations had not been very easy to make. There were three Spanish sovereigns, Queen Isabella, her husband, Don François d'Assizes, and the Duc d'Aosta (King Amadée), who had reigned a few stormy months in Spain. He had come to represent Italy at the exposition. The marshal was rather preoccupied with his Spanish royalties. He had a reception in the evening, to which all were invited, and thought it would be wise to take certain precautions, so he sent one of his aides-de-camp to Queen Isabella to say that he hoped to have the honour of seeing her in the evening at the Elysée, but he thought it right to tell her that she might perhaps have some disagreeable meetings. She replied: "Si c'est mon mari de qui vous parlez, cela m'est tout à fait égal; si c'est le Duc d'Aosta, je serai ravie de le voir."

She came to the reception, but her husband was already gone. The Duc d'Aosta was still there, and she walked straight up to him and kissed him on both cheeks, not an easy thing to do, for the duke was not at all the type of the gay lady's man—very much the reverse. He looked a soldier (like all the princes of the house of Savoy) and at the same time a monk. One could easily imagine him a crusader in plumed helmet and breastplate, supporting any privation or fatigue without a murmur. He was very shy (one saw it was an effort for him every time that any one was brought up to him and he had to make polite phrases), not in the least mondain, but simple, charming when one talked to him.

I saw him often afterward, as he represented his brother, King Humbert, on various official occasions when I too was present—the coronation of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, the Jubilee of Queen Victoria. He was always a striking figure, didn't look as if he belonged to our modern world at all. The marshal had a series of dinners and receptions which were most brilliant. There was almost always music or theatricals, with the best artists in Paris. The Comédie Française was much appreciated. Their style is so finished and sure. They played just as well at one end of a drawing-room, with a rampe of flowers only separating them from the public, as in their own theatre with all the help of scenery, acoustics, and distance. In a drawing-room naturally the audience is much nearer.

I remember one charming party at the Elysée for the Austrian crown prince, the unfortunate Archduke Rudolph. All the stars of the Théâtre Français were playing—Croizette, Reichemberg, Delaunay, Coquelin. The prince seemed to enjoy himself. He was very good-looking, with a slight, elegant figure and charming smile—didn't look like a man whose life would end so tragically. When I saw him some years later in London, he was changed, looked older, had lost his gaiety, was evidently bored with the official entertaining, and used to escape from all the dinners and receptions as soon as he could.

The late King Edward (then Prince of Wales) won golden opinions always. There was certainly something in his personality which had an enormous attraction for Parisians. He always seemed to enjoy life, never looked bored, was unfailingly courteous and interested in the people he was talking to. It was a joy to the French people to see him at some of the small theatres, amusing himself and understanding all the sous-entendus and argot quite as well as they did. It would almost seem as if what some one said were true, that he reminded them of their beloved Henri IV, who still lives in the heart of the nation.

His brother-in-law, the Prince of Denmark, was also most amiable. We met him often walking about the streets with one or two of his gentlemen, and looking in at the windows like an ordinary provincial. He was tall, with a slight, youthful figure, and was always recognised. It was a great satisfaction and pride to Parisians to have so many royalties and distinguished people among them again.

Those two months of May and June gave back to Paris the animation and gaiety of the last days of the Empire. There were many handsome carriages on the Champs-Elysées, filled with pretty, well-dressed women, and the opera and all the theatres were packed. Paris was illuminated the night of the opening of the exposition, the whole

His Royal Highness, Edward, Prince of Wales, in 1876.

From a photograph by Lock & Whitfield, London.

city, not merely the Champs-Elysées and boulevards. As we drove across the bridge on our way home from the reception at the Elysée, it was a beautiful sight—the streets full of people waiting to see the foreign royalties pass, and the view up and down the Seine, with the lights from the high buildings reflected in the water—like fairy-land.

The dinners and receptions at the Elysée and at all the ministries those first weeks of the exposition were interesting but so fatiguing. Happily there were not many lunches nor day entertainments. I used to get a good drive every afternoon in the open carriage with mother and baby, and that kept me alive. Occasionally (not often) W. had a man's dinner, and then I could go with some of my friends and dine at the exposition, which was very amusing—such a curious collection of people. The rue des Nations was like a gigantic fair. We met all our friends, and heard every language under the sun. Among other distinguished foreign guests that year we had President and Mrs. Grant, who were received everywhere in Europe (England giving the example) like royalties. When they dined with us at the Quai d'Orsay W. and I went to the top of the great staircase to meet them, exactly as we did for the Prince and Princess of Wales.

It seems funny to me when I think of the very unceremonious manner in which not only ex-presidents but actual presidents were treated in America when I was a child. I remember quite well seeing a president (I have forgotten which one now) come into the big drawing-room at the old Cozzen's Hotel at West Point, with two or three gentlemen with him. There was a certain number of people in the room and nobody moved, or dreamt of getting up. However, the Grants were very simple —accepted all the honours shown to them without a pose of any kind. The marshal gave them a big dinner at the Elysée. We arrived a little late (we always did) and found a large party assembled. The Grants came in just after us.

The Maréchale said to me: "The Chinese ambassador will take you to dinner, Madame Waddington. He is an interesting, clever man, knows England and the English well—speaks English remarkably well." Just before dinner was announced the ambassador was brought up to me. He was a striking-looking man, tall, broad-shouldered, dignified, very gorgeously attired in light-blue satin, embroidered in bright-coloured flowers and gold and silver designs, and a splendid yellow bird of paradise in his cap. He didn't come quite up to me, made me a low bow from a certain distance, and then fell back into a group of smaller satellites, all very splendidly dressed. When dinner was announced the first couples filed off—the marshal with Mrs. Grant and the Maréchale with President Grant and W. with his lady. There was a pause; I should have gone next, but my ambassador wasn't forthcoming. I looked and wondered. All the aides-de-camp were making frantic signals to me to go on, and the whole cortège was stopped. I really didn't know what to do—I felt rather foolish. Presently the ambassador appeared—didn't offer me his arm, but again made me a low bow, which I returned and moved a few steps forward. He advanced too and we made a stately progress to the dining-room side by side. I heard afterward the explanation. It seemed that in those days (things have changed *now* I fancy) no Chinese of rank would touch any woman who didn't belong to him, and the ambassador would have thought himself dishonoured (as well as me) if he had offered me his arm. The dinner was anything but banal.

When we finally got to the table I found myself on the marshal's left—Mrs. Grant was on his right. The marshal neither spoke nor understood English. Mrs. Grant spoke no French, so the conversation didn't seem likely to be very animated. After a few moments Mrs. Grant naturally wished to say something to her host and she addressed him in English. "Mr. President, I am so happy to be in your beautiful country," then the marshal to me: "Madame Waddington je vous en prie, dites à Madame Grant que je ne puis pas répondre; je ne comprends pas l'anglais; je ne puis pas parler avec elle." "Mrs. Grant, the marshal begs me to say to you that he regrets not being able to talk with you, but unfortunately he does not understand English." Then there was a pause and Mrs. Grant began again: "What a beautiful palace, Mr. President. It must be delightful with that charming garden." Again the marshal to me: "Mais je vous en prie Madame, dites à Madame Grant que je ne puis pas causer avec elle. Il ne faut pas qu'elle me parle, je ne comprends pas." "Mrs. Grant, the marshal is distressed that he cannot talk to you, but he *really* does not understand any English." It was very trying for Mrs. Grant. Happily her other neighbour knew a little English and she could talk to him, but all through dinner, at intervals, she began again at the marshal.

After a few moments I turned my attention to my ambassador. I had been looking at him furtively while I was interpreting for the marshal and Mrs. Grant. I saw that he *took* everything that was offered to him—dishes, wines, sauces—but he never attacked anything without waiting to see what his neighbours did, when and how they used their knives and forks,—then did exactly as they did,—never made a mistake. I saw he was looking at the flowers on the table, which were very well arranged, so I said to him, speaking very slowly and distinctly, as one does to a child or a deaf person: "Have you pretty flowers in your country?" He replied promptly: "Yes, yes, very hot, very cold, very hot, very cold." I was a little disconcerted, but thought I had perhaps spoken indistinctly, and after a little while I made another attempt: "How much the uniforms add to the brilliancy of the fête, and the Chinese dress is particularly striking and handsome," but to that he made such a perfectly unintelligible answer that I refrained from any further conversation and merely smiled at him from time to time, which he always acknowledged with a little bow.

We went back to the salons in the same way, side by side, and when the men had gone into one of the other rooms to talk and smoke, I went to speak to the Maréchale, who said to me: "I am sure you had a delightful dinner, Madame Waddington. The Chinese ambassador is such a clever man, has travelled a great deal, and speaks such wonderful

English." "Wonderful indeed, Madame la Maréchale," and then I repeated our conversation, which she could hardly believe, and which amused her very much. She spoke English as well as I did.

The Grants were very much entertained during their stay in Paris, and we met them nearly every night. W. liked the general very much and found him quite talkative when he was alone with him. At the big dinners he was of course at a disadvantage, neither speaking nor understanding a word of French. W. acted as interpreter and found that very fatiguing. There is so much repartee and sous-entendu in all French conversation that even foreigners who know the language well find it sometimes difficult to follow everything, and to translate quickly enough to keep one au courant is almost impossible. When they could they drifted into English, and W. said he was most interesting—speaking of the war and all the North had done, without ever putting himself forward.

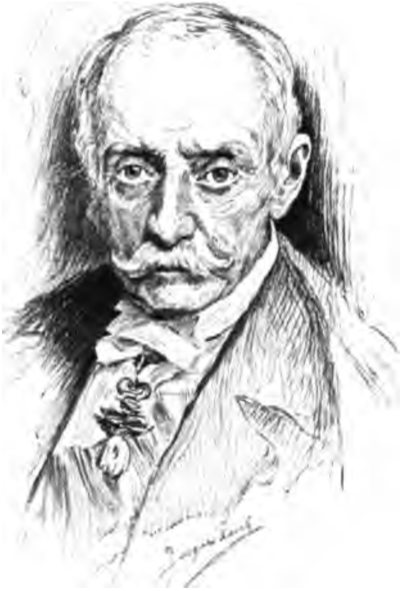
We had both of us often to act as interpreters with French and Anglo-Saxons, neither understanding the other's language, and always found it difficult. I remember a dinner at Sandringham some years ago when W. was at the embassy. The Prince of Wales (late King Edward) asked me to sit next to a foreign ambassador who understood not one word of English. The dinner was exclusively English—a great many clever men—the master of Trinity College, Cambridge (asked especially to meet my husband, who graduated from Trinity College), Lord Goschen, James Knowles of the *Nineteenth Century*, Froude, the historian, Sir Henry James, Lord Wolseley, etc. The talk was very animated, very witty. There were peals of laughter all around the table. My ambassador was very fidgety and nervous, appealing to me all the time, but by the time I had laboriously condensed and translated some of the remarks, they were talking of something quite different, and I am afraid he had very hazy ideas as to what they were all saying.

We saw, naturally, all the distinguished strangers who passed through Paris that year of 1878. Many of our colleagues in the diplomatic corps had played a great rôle in their own country. Prince Orloff, the Russian ambassador, was one of our great friends. He gave us very good advice on one or two occasions. He was a distinguished-looking man—always wore a black patch over one eye—he had been wounded in the Crimea. He spoke English as well as I did and was a charming talker. General Cialdini was at the Italian embassy. He was more of a soldier than a statesman —had contributed very successfully to the formation of "United Italy" and the suppression of the Pope's temporal power, and was naturally not exactly persona grata to the Catholics in France. Prince and Princess Hohenlohe had succeeded Arnim at the German embassy. Their beginnings were difficult, as their predecessor had done nothing to make the Germans popular in France, but their strong personality, tact, and understanding of the very delicate position helped them enormously. They were Catholics (the Princess born a Russian—her brother, Prince Wittgenstein, military attaché at the Russian embassy) and very big people in their own country, so absolutely sure of themselves and their position that it was very difficult to slight them in any way. They would never have perceived it unless some extraordinary rudeness were shown. The Princess was very striking-looking, tall, with a good figure, and splendid jewels. When she was in full dress for a ball, or official reception, she wore three necklaces, one on top of the other, and a big handsome, high tiara, which added to her height. She was the only lady of the diplomatic corps whom Madame Grévy ever recognised in the first weeks of her husband's presidency. Madame

Grévy was thrown suddenly not very young into such an absolutely new milieu, that she was quite bewildered and couldn't be expected to recognise half the women of the diplomatic corps, but the German ambassadress impressed her and she knew her always. The princess was not very mondaine, didn't care about society and life in a city —preferred the country, with riding and shooting and any sort of sport.

We had a very handsome dinner at the German embassy the winter of 1878—given to the Marshal and Madame de MacMahon. After dinner, with coffee, a bear made its appearance in the drawing-room, a "baby bear" they said, but I didn't think it looked very small. The princess patted it, and talked to it just as if it were a dog, and I must say the little animal was perfectly quiet, and kept close to her. I think the lights and the quantity of people frightened it. It growled once or twice, and we all had a feeling of relief when it was taken away. I asked the Maréchale afterward if she were afraid. "Oui, j'avais très peur, mais je ne voulais pas le montrer devant ces allemands." (Yes, I was very frightened, but I would not show it before those Germans.) They had eventually to send the bear away, back to Germany. It grew wilder as it grew older, and became quite unmanageable—they couldn't keep it in the embassy.

Hohenlohe was always pleasant and easy. I think he had a real sympathy for France and did his best on various delicate occasions. The year of the exposition (1878) we dined out every night and almost always with the same people. Hohenlohe often fell to me. He took me in to dinner ten times in succession. The eleventh time we were each of us in despair as we filed out together, so I said to him: "Don't let us even pretend to talk; you can talk to your other neighbour and I will to mine." However, we *did* talk chiffons, curiously enough. I had waited for a dress, which only came home at the last moment, and when I put it on the corsage was so tight I could hardly bear it. It was too late to change, and I had nothing else ready, so most uncomfortable I started for my dinner. I didn't dare to eat anything, hardly dared move, which Hohenlohe remarked, after seeing three or four dishes pass me untouched, and said to me: "I am afraid you are ill; you are eating nothing." "No, not at all, only very uncomfortable"—and then I explained the situation to him—that my dress was so tight I could neither move nor eat. He was most indignant—"How could women be so foolish—why



Prince Hohenlohe.

After the painting by F E. László.

did we want to have abnormally small waists and be slaves to our dressmakers?—men didn't like made-up figures." "Oh, yes, they do; all men admire a slight, graceful figure." "Yes, when it is natural, but no man understands nor cares about a fashionably dressed woman—women dress for each other" (which is perfectly true).

However, he was destined to see other ladies very careful about their figures. The late Empress of Austria, who was a fine rider, spent some time one spring in Paris, and rode every morning in the Bois. She was very handsome, with a beautiful figure, had handsome horses and attracted great attention. Prince Hohenlohe often rode with her. I was riding with a friend one morning when we saw handsome horses waiting at the mounting-block, just inside the gates. We divined they were the Empress's horses and waited to see her mount. She arrived in a coupé, her maid with her, and mounted her horse from the block. The body of her habit was open. When she was settled in her saddle, the maid stepped up on the block and buttoned her habit, which I must say fitted beautifully—as if she were melted into it.

The official receptions were interesting that year, as one still saw a few costumes. The Chinese, Japanese, Persians, Greeks, and Roumanians wore their national dress—and much better they look in them than in the ordinary dress coat and white tie of our men. The Greek dress was very striking, a full white skirt with high embroidered belt, but it was only becoming when the wearer was young, with a good figure. I remember a pretty Roumanian woman with a white veil spangled with gold, most effective. Now every one wears the ordinary European dress except the Chinese, who still keep their costume. One could hardly imagine a Chinese in a frock coat and tall hat. What would he do with his pigtail?

The entertainments went on pretty well that year until August, almost all the embassies and ministries receiving. Queen Isabella of Spain was then living in the big house in the Avenue Kléber, called the "Palais d'Espagne" (now the Hotel Majestic). We used to meet her often driving in the Bois. She was a big, stout, rather red-faced woman, didn't make much effect in a carriage in ordinary street dress, but in her palace, when she received or gave an audience, she was a very royal lady. I asked for an audience soon after W. was named to the Foreign Office. We knew one of her chamberlains very well, Duc de M., and he arranged it for me. I arrived at the palace on the appointed day a little before four (the audience was for four). The big gates were open, a tall porter dressed in red and gold lace and buttons, and a staff in his hand, was waiting—two or three men in black, and four or five footmen in red liveries and powder, at the door and in the hall. I was shown at once to a small room on the ground floor, where four or five ladies, all Spanish and all fat, were waiting. In a few minutes the duke appeared. We talked a little (he looking at me to see if I had taken off my veil and my right-hand glove) and then a man in black appeared at the door, making a low bow and saying something in Spanish. The duke said would I come, Her Majesty was ready to receive me. We passed through several salons where there were footmen and pages (no ladies) until we came to a very large one quite at the other end of the palace. The big doors were open, and at the far end I saw the Queen standing, a stately figure (enormous), dressed in a long black velvet dress, a high diamond tiara on her head, from which hung a black lace veil, a fan in her hand (I suppose no Spanish woman of any station ever parts with her fan) and a splendid string of pearls. I made my curtsey on the threshold, the chamberlain named me with the usual formula: "I have the honour to present to Your Majesty, Madame Waddington, the wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs," then backed himself out of the room, and I proceeded down the long room to the Queen. She didn't move, let me make my two curtseys, one in the middle of the room, one when I came close up to her—and then shook hands. We remained standing a few minutes and then she sat down on a sofa (not a very small one) which she quite filled, and motioned me to take an armchair on one side. She was very amiable, had a charming smile, spoke French very well but with a strong Spanish accent. She said she was very glad to see my husband at the Foreign Office, and hoped he would stay long enough to do some real work—said she was very fond of France, loved driving in the streets of Paris, there was always so much to see and the people looked gay. She was very fond of the theatres, particularly the smaller ones, liked the real Parisian wit and gaiety better than the measured phrase and trained diction of the Français and the Odéon. She spoke most warmly of Marshal MacMahon, hoped that he would remain President of the Republic as long as the Republicans would let him, was afraid they would make his position impossible—but that the younger generation always wanted reforms and changes. I said I thought that was the way of the world everywhere, in families as well as nations—children could not be expected to see with the eyes of their parents. Then we talked about the exposition—she said the Spanish show was very good—told me to look at the tapestries and embroideries, which were quite wonderful—gold and silver threads worked in with the tapestries. The interview was pleasant and easy. When I took leave, she let me back down the whole length of the room, not half turning away as so many princesses do after the first few steps, so as to curtail that very inconvenient exit. However, a day dress is never so long and cumbersome as an evening dress with a train.

The chamberlain was waiting just outside the door, also two ladies in waiting, just as fat as the Queen. Certainly the mise en scène was very effective. The number of servants in red liveries, the solitary standing figure at the end of the long enfilade of rooms, the high diamond comb and long veil, quite transformed the very stout, red-faced lady whom I used to meet often walking in the Bois.

We dined once or twice at the palace, always a very handsome dinner. One for the Marshal and Madame de MacMahon was beautifully done—all the footmen, dozens, in gala liveries, red and yellow, the maître d'hôtel in very dark blue with gold epaulettes and aiguillettes. The table was covered with red and yellow flowers and splendid gold plate, and a very good orchestra of guitars and mandolins played all through dinner, the musicians singing sometimes when they played a popular song. We were all assembled in one of the large rooms waiting for the Queen to appear. As soon as the Marshal and Madame de MacMahon were announced, she came in, meeting them at the door, making a circle afterward, and shaking hands with all the ladies.

Lord Lyons gave a beautiful ball at the embassy that season. The hotel of the British embassy is one of the best in Paris—fine reception-rooms opening on a very large garden, and a large courtyard and side exit—so there was no confusion of carriages. He had need of all his room—Paris was crowded with English. Besides all the exposition people, there were many tourists and well-known English people, all expecting to be entertained at the embassy. All the world was there. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Marshal and Madame de MacMahon, the Orléans princes, Princesse Mathilde, the Faubourg St. Germain, the Government, and as many foreigners as the house could hold, as he invited a great many people, once his obligations, English and official, were satisfied. It was only at an embassy that such a gathering could take place, and it was amusing to see the people of all the different camps looking at each other.

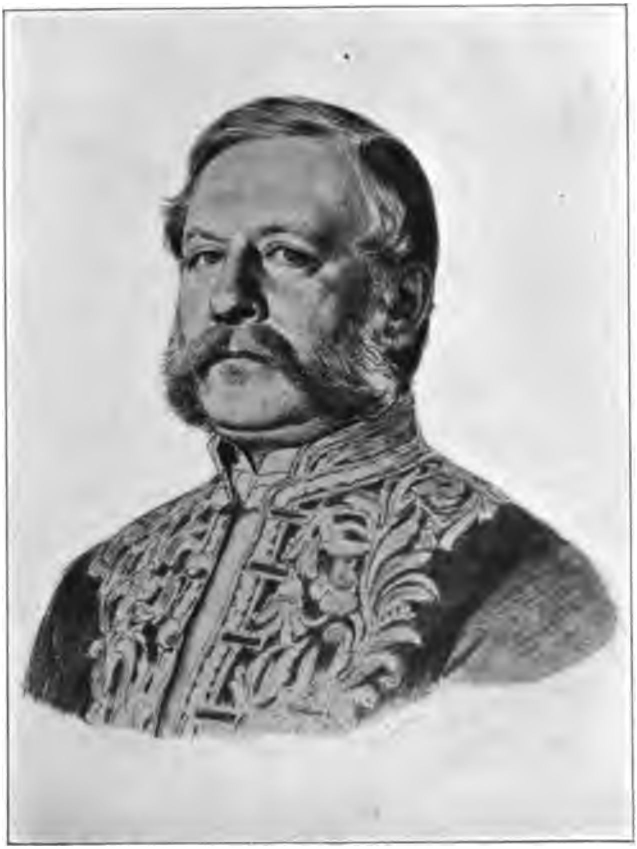
There was a supper up-stairs for all the royalties before the cotillion. I was told that the Duc d'Aumale would take me to supper. I was very pleased (as we knew him very well and he was always charming to us) but much surprised, as the Orléans princes never remained for supper at any big official function. There would have been questions of place and precedence which would have been very difficult to settle. When the move was made for supper, things had to be changed, as the Orléans princes had gone home. The Crown Prince of Denmark took me. The supper-room was prettily arranged, two round tables—Lord Lyons with the Princesses of Wales and Denmark presiding at one—his niece, the Duchesse of Norfolk, at the other, with the Princes of Wales and Denmark. I sat between the Princes of Denmark and Sweden. Opposite me, next the Prince of Wales, sat a lady I didn't know. Every one else at the table did. She was very attractive-looking, with a charming smile and most animated manner. I asked the Prince of Denmark in a low voice, who she was—thought it must be one of the foreign princesses I hadn't yet met. The Prince of Wales heard my question, and immediately, with his charming tact and ease of manner, said to me: "You don't know the Princesse Mathilde; do let me have the pleasure of presenting you to her," naming me at once —in my official capacity, "wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs." The princess was very gracious and smiling, and we talked about all sorts of things —some of her musical protégées, who were also mine. She asked me if I liked living at the ministry, Quai d'Orsay; she remembered it as such a beautiful house. When the party broke up, she shook hands, said she had not the pleasure of knowing M. Waddington, but would I thank him from her for what he had done for one of her friends. I tried to find W. after supper to present him to the princess, but he had already gone, didn't stay for the cotillion—the princess, too, went away immediately after supper. I met her once or twice afterward. She was always friendly, and we had little talks together. Her salon—she received once a week—was quite a centre—all the Bonapartists of course, the diplomatic corps, many strangers, and all the celebrities in literature and art.

With that exception I never saw nor talked with any member of that family until I had been some years a widow, when the Empress Eugénie received me on her yacht at Cowes. When the news came of the awful tragedy of the Prince Imperial's death in Zululand, W. was Foreign Minister, and he had invited a large party, with music. W. instantly put off the party, said there was no question of politics or a Bonapartist prince—it was a Frenchman killed, fighting bravely in a foreign country. I always thought the Empress knew about it and appreciated his act, for during his embassy in London, though we never saw her, she constantly sent him word through mutual friends of little negotiations she knew about and thought might interest him, and always spoke very well of him as a "clear-headed, patriotic statesman." I should have liked to have seen her in her prime, when she must have been extraordinarily beautiful and graceful. When I did see her she was no longer young, but a stately, impressive figure, and had still the beautiful brow one sees in all her pictures. One of our friends, a very clever woman and great anti-Bonapartist, told us an amusing story of her little son. The child was sometimes in the drawing-room when his mother was receiving, and heard her and all her friends inveighing against the iniquities of the Imperial Court and the frivolity of the Empress. He saw the Empress walking one day in the Bois de Boulogne. She was attracted by the group of children, stopped and talked to them. The boy was delighted and said to his governess: "Elle est bien jolie, l'Impératrice, mais il ne faut pas le dire à Maman." (The Empress is very pretty, but one must not say it to mother.)

VII

THE BERLIN CONGRESS

SEVENTY-EIGHT was a most important year for us in many ways. Besides the interest and fatigues of the exposition and the constant receiving and official festivities of all kinds, a great event was looming before us—the Berlin Congress. One had felt it coming for some time. There were all sorts of new delimitations and questions to be settled since the war in the Balkans, and Europe was getting visibly nervous. Almost immediately after the opening of the exposition, the project took shape, and it was decided that France should participate in the Congress and send three representatives. It was the first time that France had asserted herself since the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, but it was time for her now to emerge from her self-imposed effacement, and take her place in the Congress of nations. There were many discussions, both public and private, before the plénipotentiaires were named, and a great unwillingness on the part of many very intelligent and patriotic Frenchmen to see the country launching itself upon dangerous ground and a possible conflict with Bismarck. However, the thing was decided, and the three plenipotentiaries named—Mr. Waddington, Foreign Minister, first; Comte de St. Vallier, a very clever and distinguished diplomatist, actual ambassador at Berlin, second; and Monsieur Desprey, Directeur de la Politique au Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, third. He was also a very able man, one of the pillars of the ministry, au courant of every treaty and negotiation for the last twenty years, very prudent and clear-headed. All W.'s colleagues were most cordial and charming on his appointment. He made a statement in the House of the line of policy he intended to adopt—and was absolutely approved and encouraged. Not a disparaging word of any kind was said, not even the usual remark of "cet anglais qui nous représente." He started the 10th of June in the best conditions possible—not an instruction of any kind from his chief, M. Dufaure, Président du Conseil—very complimentary to him certainly, but the ministers taking no responsibility themselves—leaving the door open in case he made any mistakes. It was evident that the Parliament and Government were nervous. It was rather amusing, when all the



M. William Waddington.

In the uniform he wore as Minister of Foreign Affairs and at the Berlin Congress, 1878

preparations for the departure were going on. W. took a large suite with him, secretaries, huissiers, etc., and I told them they were as much taken up with their coats and embroideries and cocked hats as any pretty woman with her dresses. I wanted very much to go, but W. thought he would be freer and have more time to think things over if I were not there. He didn't know Berlin at all, had never seen Bismarck nor any of the leading German statesmen, and was fully conscious how his every word and act would be criticised. However, if a public man is not criticised, it usually means that he is of no consequence—so attacks and criticisms are rather welcome—act as a stimulant. I could have gone and stayed unofficially with a cousin, but he thought that wouldn't do. St. Vallier was a bachelor; it would have been rather an affair for him to organise at the embassy an apartment for a lady and her maids, though he was most civil and asked me to come.

I felt rather lonely in the big ministry when they had all gone, and I was left with baby. W. stayed away just five weeks, and I performed various official things in his absence—among others the Review of the 14th of July. The distinguished guest on that occasion was the Shah of Persia, who arrived with the Maréchale in a handsome open carriage, with outriders and postilions. The marshal of course was riding. The Shah was not at all a striking figure, short; stout, with a dark skin, and hard black eyes. He had handsome jewels, a large diamond fastening the white aigrette of his high black cap, and his sword-hilt incrusted with diamonds. He gave a stiff little nod in acknowledgment of the bows and curtseys every one made when he appeared in the marshal's box. He immediately took his seat on one side of the Maréchale in front of the box, one of the ambassadresses, Princess Hohenlohe I think, next to him. The military display seemed to interest him. Every now and then he made some remark to the Maréchale, but he was certainly not talkative. While the interminable line of the infantry regiments was passing, there was a move to the back of the box, where there was a table with ices, champagne, etc. Madame de MacMahon came up to me, saying: "Madame Waddington, Sa Majesté demande les nouvelles de M. Waddington," upon which His Majesty planted himself directly in front of me, so close that he almost touched me, and asked in a quick, abrupt manner, as if he were firing off a shot: "Où est votre mari?" (neither Madame, nor M. Waddington, nor any of the terms that are usually adopted in polite society). "A Berlin, Sire."

"Pourquoi à Berlin?" "Comme plénipotentiaire Français au Congrès de Berlin." "Oui, oui, je sais, je sais. Cela l'intéresse?" "Beaucoup; il voit tant de personnes intéressantes." "Oui, je sais. Il va bien?" always coming closer to me, so that I was edging back against the wall, with his hard, bright little eyes fixed on mine, and always the same sharp, jerky tone. "Il va parfaitement bien, je vous remercie." Then there was a pause and he made one or two other remarks which I didn't quite understand—I don't think his French went very far—but I made out something about "jolies femmes" and pointed out one or two to him, but he still remained staring into my face and I was delighted when his minister came up to him (timidly—all his people were afraid of him) and said some personage wanted to be presented to him. He shook hands with me, said something about "votre mari revient bientôt," and moved off. The Maréchale asked me if I were not touched by His Majesty's solicitude for my husband's health, and wouldn't I like to come to the front of the box and sit next to him, but I told her I couldn't think of engrossing His Majesty's attention, as there were various important people who wished to be presented to him. I watched him a little (from a distance), trying to see if anything made any impression on him (the crowd, the pretty, well-dressed women, the march past, the long lines of infantry,—rather fatiguing to see, as one line regiment looks very like another,—the chasseurs with their small chestnut horses, the dragoons more heavily mounted, and the guns), but his face remained absolutely impassive, though I think he saw everything. They told a funny story of him in London at one of the court balls. When he had looked on at the dancing for some time, he said to the Prince of Wales: "Tell those people to stop now, I have seen enough"—evidently thought it was a ballet performing for his amusement. Another one, at one of the European courts was funny. The monarch was very old, his consort also. When the Shah was presented to the royal lady, he looked hard at her without saying a word, then remarked to her husband: "Laide, vieille, pourquoi garder?" (Ugly, old; why keep her?)

I went to a big dinner and reception at the British Embassy, given for all the directors and commissioners of the exposition. It was a lovely warm night, the garden was lighted, everybody walking about, and an orchestra playing. Many of the officials had their wives and daughters with them, and some of the toilettes were wonderful. There were a good many pretty women, Swedes

Nasr-ed-Din, Shah of Persia.

and Danes, the Northern type, very fair hair and blue eyes, attracting much attention, and a group of Chinese (all in costume) standing proudly aloof —not the least interested apparently in the gay scene before them. I wonder what they thought of European manners and customs! There was no dancing, which I suppose would have shocked their Eastern morals. Lord Lyons asked me why I wasn't in Berlin. I said, "For the best of reasons, my husband preferred going without me—but I hoped he would send for me perhaps at the end of the Congress." He told me Lady Salisbury was there with her husband. He seemed rather sceptical as to the peaceful issue of the negotiations—thought so many unforeseen questions would come up and complicate matters.

I went to a ball at the Hôtel de Ville, also given for all the foreigners and French people connected with the exposition. The getting there was very long and tiring. The coupe-file did no good, as every one had one. Comte de Pontécoulant went with me and he protested vigorously, but one of the head men of the police, whom he knew well, came up to the carriage to explain that nothing could be done. There was a long line of diplomatic and official carriages, and we must take our chance with the rest. Some of our cousins (Americans) never got there at all—sat for hours in their carriage in the rue du Rivoli, moving an inch at a time. Happily it was a lovely warm night; and as we got near we saw lots of people walking who had left their carriages some little distance off, hopelessly wedged in a crowd of vehicles—the women in light dresses, with flowers and jewels in their hair. The rooms looked very handsome when at last we did get in, particularly the staircase, with a Garde Municipal on every step, and banks of palms and flowers on the landing in the hall, wherever flowers could be put. The Ville de Paris furnishes all the flowers and plants for the official receptions, and they always are very well arranged. Some trophies of flags too of all nations made a great effect. I didn't see many people I knew—it was impossible to get through the crowd, but some one got me a chair at the open window giving on the balcony, and I was quite happy sitting there looking at the people pass. The whole world was represented, and it was interesting to see the different types—Southerners, small, slight, dark, impatient, wriggling through the crowd—the Anglo-Saxons, big, broad, calm, squaring their shoulders when there came a sudden rush, and waiting quite patiently a chance to get a little ahead. Some of the women too pushed well—

evidently determined to see all they could. I don't think any royalties, even minor ones, were there.

W. wrote pretty regularly from Berlin, particularly the first days, before the real work of the Congress began. He started rather sooner than he had at first intended, so as to have a little time to talk matters over with St. Vallier and make acquaintance with some of his colleagues. St. Vallier, with all the staff of the embassy, met him at the station when he arrived in Berlin, also Holstein (our old friend who was at the German Embassy in Paris with Arnim) to compliment him from Prince Bismarck, and he had hardly been fifteen minutes at the embassy when Count Herbert von Bismarck arrived with greetings and compliments from his father. He went to see Bismarck the next day, found him at home, and very civil; he was quite friendly, very courteous and "bonhomme, original, and even amusing in his conversation, but with a hard look about the eyes which bodes no good to those who cross his path." He had just time to get back to the embassy and get into his uniform for his audience with the Crown Prince (late Emperor Frederick).* The Vice Grand-

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* The Crown Prince represented his father at all the functions. Some days before the meeting of the Congress the old Emperor had been wounded in the arm by a nihilist, Nobiling, who fired from a window when the Emperor was passing in an open carriage.

Maître des Cérémonies came for him in a court carriage and they drove off to the palace—W. sitting alone on the back seat, the grand-maître facing him on the front. "I was ushered into a room where the Prince was standing. He was very friendly and talked for twenty minutes about all sorts of things, in excellent French, with a few words of English now and then to show he knew of my English connection. He spoke of my travels in the East, of the de Bunsens, of the Emperor's health (the old man is much better and decidedly recovering)—and of his great wish for peace." All the plenipotentiaries had not yet arrived. They appeared only on the afternoon of the 12th, the day before the Congress opened. Prince Bismarck sent out the invitation for the first sitting:

> "Le Prince de Bismarck
> a l'honneur de prévenir Son Excellence, Monsieur Waddington, que la première réunion du Congrès aura lieu le 13 juin à deux heures, au Palais du Chancelier de l'Empire, 77, Wilhelmstrasse.
> "Berlin, le 12 juin 1878."

It was a brilliant assemblage of great names and intelligences that responded to his invitation—Gortschakoff, Schouvaloff, Andrassy, Beaconsfield,

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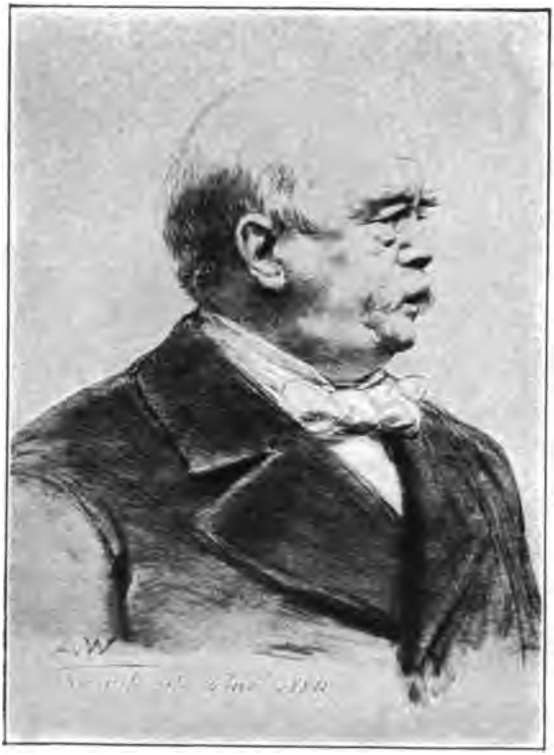
The wound was slight, but the old man was much shaken and unable to take any part in the ceremonies or receive any of the plenipotentiaries.

Salisbury, Karolyi, Hohenlohe, Corti, and many others, younger men, who acted as secretaries. French was the language spoken, the only exception being made by Lord Beaconsfield, who always spoke in English, although it was most evident, W. said, that he understood French perfectly well. The first day was merely an official opening of the Congress—every one in uniform—but only for that occasion. After that they all went in ordinary morning dress, putting on their uniforms again on the last day only, when they signed the treaty. W. writes: "Bismarck presides and did his part well to-day; he speaks French fairly but very slowly, finding his words with difficulty, but he knows what he means to say and lets every one see that he does." No one else said much that first day; each man was rather reserved, waiting for his neighbour to begin. Beaconsfield made a short speech, which was trying for some of his colleagues, particularly the Turks, who had evidently much difficulty in understanding English. They were counting upon England's sympathy, but a little nervous as to a supposed agreement between England and Russia. The Russians listened most attentively. There seemed to be a distrust of England on their part and a decided rivalry between Gortschakoff and Beaconsfield. The Congress dined that first night with the Crown Prince at the Schloss in the famous white hall—all in uniform and orders. W. said the heat was awful, but the evening interesting. There were one hundred and forty guests, no ladies except the royal princesses, not even the ambassadresses. W. sat on Bismarck's left, who talked a great deal, intending to make himself agreeable. He had a long talk after dinner with the Crown Princess (Princess Royal of England) who spoke English with him. He found her charming—intelligent and cultivated and so easy—not at all stiff and shy like so many royalties. He saw her very often during his stay in Berlin, and she was unfailingly kind to him—and to me also when I knew her later in Rome and London. She always lives in my memory as one of the most charming women I have ever met. Her face often comes back to me with her beautiful bright smile and the saddest eyes I have ever seen. I have known very few like her. W. also had a talk with Prince Frederick-Charles, father of the Duchess of Connaught, whom he found rather a rough-looking soldier with a short, abrupt manner. He left bitter memories in France during the Franco-German War, was called the "Red Prince," he was so hard and cruel, always ready to shoot somebody and burn down



Prince Bismarck.

From a sketch by Anton von Werner, 1880.

villages on the slightest provocation—so different from the Prince Imperial, the "unser Fritz" of the Germans, who always had a kind word for the fallen foe.

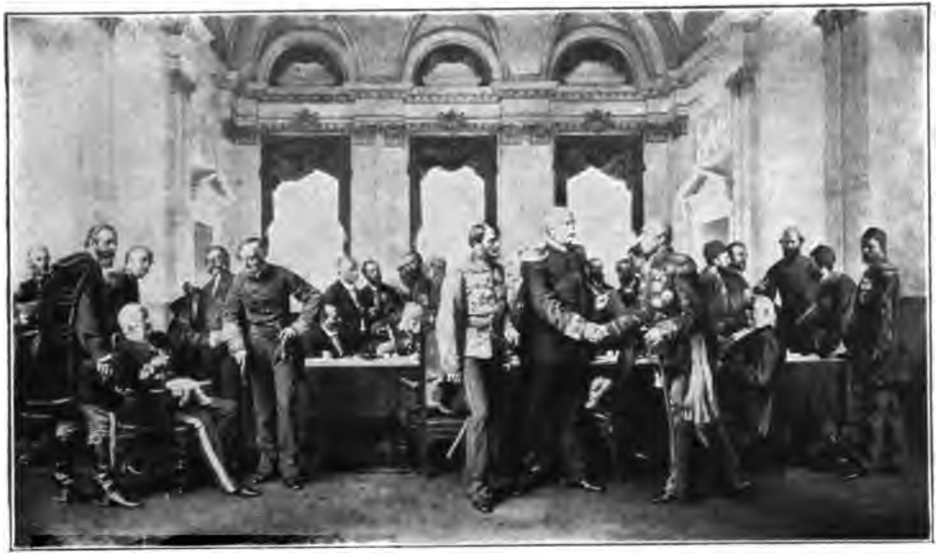
W.'s days were very full, and when the important sittings began it was sometimes hard work. The Congress room was very hot (all the colleagues seemed to have a holy horror of open windows)—and some of the men very long and tedious in stating their cases. Of course they were at a disadvantage not speaking their own language (very few of them knew French well, except the Russians), and they had to go very carefully, and be quite sure of the exact significance of the words they used. W. got a ride every morning, as the Congress only met in the afternoon. They rode usually in the Thiergarten, which is not very large, but the bridle-paths were good. It was very difficult to get out of Berlin into the open country without going through a long stretch of suburbs and sandy roads which were not very tempting. A great many officers rode in the park, and one morning when he was riding with the military attaché of the embassy, two officers rode up and claimed acquaintance, having known him in France in '70, the year of the war. They rode a short time together, and the next day he received an invitation from the officers of a smart Uhlan regiment to dine at their mess "in remembrance of the kind hospitality shown to some of their officers who had been quartered at his place in France during the war." As the hospitality was decidedly forced, and the presence of the German officers not very agreeable to the family, the invitation was not very happy. It was well meant, but was one of those curious instances of German want of tact which one notices so much if one lives much with Germans. The hours of the various entertainments were funny. At a big dinner at Prince Bismarck's the guests were invited at six, and at eight-thirty every one had gone. W. sat next to Countess Marie, the daughter of the house, found her simple and inclined to talk, speaking both French and English well. Immediately after dinner the men all smoked everywhere, in the drawing-room, on the terrace, some taking a turn in the park with Bismarck. W. found Princess Bismarck not very femme du monde; she was preoccupied first with her dinner, then with her husband, for fear he should eat too much, or take cold going out of the warm dining-room into the evening air. There were no ladies at the dinner except the family. (The German lady doesn't seem to occupy the same place in society as the French and English woman does. In Paris the wives of ambassadors and ministers are always invited to all official banquets.)

Amusements of all kinds were provided for the plenipotentiaries. Early in July W. writes of a "Land-parthie"—the whole Congress (wives too this time) invited to Potsdam for the day. He was rather dreading a long day—excursions were not much in his line. However, this one seems to have been successful. He writes: "Our excursion went off better than could be expected. The party consisted of the plenipotentiaries and a certain number of court officers and generals. We started by rail, stopped at a station called Wannsee, and embarked on board a small steamer, the Princess Royal receiving the guests as they arrived on board. We then started for a trip on the lakes, but before long there came a violent squall which obliged the sailors to take down the awnings in double-quick time, and drove every one down into the cabins. It lasted about half an hour, after which it cleared up and every one reappeared on deck. In course of time we landed near Babelsberg, where carriages were waiting. I was told off to go in the first with the Princess Royal, Countess Karolyi (wife of the Austrian ambassador, a beautiful young woman), and Andrassy.

We went over the Château of Babelsberg, which is a pretty Gothic country-seat, not a palace, and belongs to the present Emperor. After that we had a longish drive, through different parks and villages, and finally arrived at Sans Souci, where we dined. After dinner we strolled through the rooms and were shown the different souvenirs of Frederick the Great, and got home at ten-thirty." W. saw a good deal of his cousin, George de Bunsen, a charming man, very cultivated and cosmopolitan. He had a pretty house in the new quarter of Berlin, and was most hospitable. He had an interesting dinner there with some of the literary men and savants—Mommsen, Leppius, Helmholtz, Curtius, etc., most of them his colleagues, as he was a member of the Berlin Academy. He found those evenings a delightful change after the long hot afternoons in the Wilhelmsstrasse, where necessarily there was so much that was long and tedious. I think even he got tired of Greek frontiers, notwithstanding his sympathy for the country. He did what he could for the Greeks, who were very grateful to him and gave him, in memory of the efforts he made on their behalf, a fine group in bronze of a female figure—"Greece" throwing off the bonds of Turkey. Some of the speakers were very interesting.

He found Schouvaloff always a brilliant debater—he spoke French perfectly, was always good-humoured and courteous, and defended his cause well. One felt there was a latent animosity between the English and the Russians. Lord Beaconsfield made one or two strong speeches—very much to the point, and slightly arrogant, but as they were always made in English, they were not understood by all the Assembly. W. was always pleased to meet Prince Hohenlohe, actual German ambassador to Paris (who had been named the third German plenipotentiary). He was perfectly au courant of all that went on at court and in the official world, knew everybody, and introduced W. to various ladies who received informally, where he could spend an hour or two quietly, without meeting all his colleagues. Blowitz, of course, appeared on the scene—the most important person in Berlin (in his own opinion). I am not quite convinced that he saw all the people he said he did, or whether all the extraordinary confidences were made to him which he related to the public, but he certainly impressed people very much, and I suppose his letters as newspaper correspondent were quite wonderful. He was remarkably intelligent and absolutely unscrupulous, didn't hesitate to put into the mouths of people what he wished them to say, so he naturally had a great pull over the ordinary simple-minded journalist who wrote simply what he saw and heard. As he was the Paris correspondent of *The London Times*, he was often at the French Embassy. W. never trusted him very much, and his flair was right, as he was anything but true to him. The last days of the Congress were very busy ones. The negotiations were kept secret enough, but things always leak out and the papers had to say something. I was rather émue at the tone of the French press, but W. wrote me not to mind—they didn't really know anything, and when the treaty was signed France would certainly come out very honourably. All this has long passed into the domain of history, and has been told so many times by so many different people that I will not go into details except to say that the French protectorate of Tunis (now one of our most flourishing colonies) was entirely arranged by W. in a long confidential conversation with Lord Salisbury. The cession of the Island of Cyprus by Turkey to the English was a most unexpected and disagreeable surprise to W. However, he went instantly to Lord Salisbury, who was a little embarrassed, as that negotiation had been kept secret, which didn't seem quite fair—everything else having been openly discussed around the council table. He quite understood W.'s feelings in the matter, and was perfectly willing to make an arrangement about Tunis. The thing was neither understood nor approved at first by the French Government. W. returned to Paris, "les mains vides; seulement à chercher dans sa poche on y eut trouvé les clés de la Tunisie"—as one of his friends defined the situation some years ago. He was almost disavowed by his Government. The ministers were timid and unwilling that France should take any initiative—even his friend, Léon Say, then Minister of Finances, a very clever man and brilliant politician, said: "Notre collègue Waddington, contre son habitude, s'est emballé cette fois pour la question de la Tunisie." (Our colleague Waddington, contrary to his nature, has quite lost his head this time over the Tunis question.) I think the course of events has fully justified his action, and now that it has proved such a success, every one claims to have taken the initiative of the French protectorate of Tunis. All honours have been paid to those who carried out the project, and very little is said of the man who originated the scheme in spite of great difficulties at home and abroad. Some of W.'s friends know the truth.

There was a great exchange of visits, photographs, and autographs the last days of the Congress. Among other things which W. brought back from Berlin, and which will be treasured by his grandsons as a historical souvenir, was a fan, quite a plain wooden fan, with the signatures of all the plenipotentiaries—some of them very characteristic. The French signatures are curiously small and distinct, a contrast to Bismarck's smudge. W. was quite sorry to say good-bye to some of his colleagues. Andrassy, with his quick sympathies and instant comprehension of all sides of a question, attracted him very much. He was a striking personality, quite the Slav type. W. had little private intercourse with Prince Gortschakoff—who was already an old man and the type of the old-fashioned diplomatist—making very long and well-turned phrases which made people rather impatient. On the whole W. was satisfied. He writes two or three days before the signing of the treaty: "As far as I can see at present, no one will be satisfied with the result of the Congress; it is perhaps the best proof that it is dealing fairly and equitably with the very exaggerated claims and pretensions of all parties. Anyhow, France will come out of the whole affair honourably and having done all that a strictly neutral power can do." The treaty was signed on July 13 by all the pleni-



Photograph by Photographische Gesellschaft, Berlin.

The Berlin Congress.

From a painting by Anton von Werner, 1881

potentiaries in full uniform. W. said there was a decided feeling of satisfaction and relief that it was finished. Even Bismarck looked less preoccupied, as if a weight had been lifted from his shoulders. Of course he was supposed to have had his own way in everything. Everybody (not only the French) was afraid of him. With his iron will, and unscrupulous brushing aside, or even annihilating, everything that came in his way, he was a formidable adversary. There was a gala dinner at the Schloss, to celebrate the signing of the treaty. "It was the exact repetition of the first, at the opening of the Congress. I sat on the left of Bismarck, and had a good deal of conversation with him. The Crown Prince and Princess were just opposite, and the Princess talked a great deal with me across the table, always in English." The Crown Princess could never forget that she was born Princess Royal of England. Her household was managed on English principles, her children brought up by English nurses, she herself always spoke English with them. Of course there must have been many things in Germany which were distasteful to her,—so many of the small refinements of life which are absolute necessaries in England were almost unknown luxuries in Germany,—particularly when she married. Now there has been a great advance in comfort and even elegance in German houses and habits. Her English proclivities made her a great many enemies, and I don't believe the "Iron Chancellor" made things easy for her. The dinner at the Schloss was as usual at six o'clock, and at nine W. had to go to take leave of the Empress, who was very French in her sympathies, and had always been very kind to him. Her daughter, the Grand Duchess of Baden, was there, and W. had a very pleasant hour with the two ladies. The Empress asked him a great many questions about the Congress, and particularly about Bismarck—if he was in a fairly good temper—when he had his nerves he was simply impossible, didn't care what people thought of him, and didn't hesitate to show when he was bored. The Grand Duchess added smilingly: "He is perfectly intolerant, has no patience with a fool." I suppose most people are of this opinion. I am not personally. I have some nice, foolish, kindly, happy friends of both sexes I am always glad to see; I think they are rather resting in these days of high education and culture and pose. W. finished his evening at Lady Salisbury's, who had a farewell reception for all the plenipotentiaries. He took leave of his colleagues, all of whom had been most friendly. The only one who was a little stiff with him and expressed no desire to meet him again was Corti, the Italian plenipotentiary. He suspected of course that something had been arranged about Tunis, and was much annoyed that he hadn't been able to get Tripoli for Italy. He was our colleague afterward in London, and there was always a little constraint and coolness in his manner. W. left Berlin on the 17th, having been five weeks away.

VIII

GAIETIES AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY

W. GOT home on the 17th, and was so busy the first days, with his colleagues and political friends that I didn't see much more of him than if he had been in Berlin. He was rather disgusted and discouraged at the view his colleagues of the cabinet and his friends took of France's attitude at the Congress. The only man who seemed to be able to look ahead a little and understand what a future there might be for France in Tunis was Gambetta. I remember quite well his telling of an interesting conversation with him. Gambetta was very keen about foreign affairs, very patriotic, and not at all willing that France should remain indefinitely a weakened power, still suffering from the defeat of 1870. There were many fêtes and reunions of all kinds, all through the summer months, as people had flocked to Paris for the exposition. We remained in town until the first days of August, then W. went to his Conseil-Général in the Department of the Aisne, and I went down to Deauville. He joined me there, and we had a pleasant month—bathing, driving, and seeing a great many people. We had taken Sir Joseph Oliffe's villa, one of the best in Deauville. Oliffe, an Englishman, was one of Emperor Napoleon's physicians, and he and the Duc de Morny were the founders of Deauville, which was very fashionable as long as Morny lived and the Empire lasted, but it lost its vogue for some years after the Franco-German War—fashion and society generally congregating at Trouville. There were not many villas then, and one rather bad hotel, but the sea was nearer than it is now and people all went to the beach in the morning, and fished for shrimps in the afternoon, and led a quiet out-of-doors life. There was no polo nor golf nor automobiles—not many carriages, a good tennis-court, where W. played regularly, and races every Sunday in August, which brought naturally a gay young crowd of all the sporting world. The train des maris that left Paris every Saturday evening, brought a great many men. It was quite different from the Deauville of to-day, which is charming, with quantities of pretty villas and gardens and sports of all kinds, but the sea is so far off one has to take quite a long walk to get to it, and the mornings on the beach and the expeditions to Trouville in the afternoon across the ferry, to do a little shopping in the rue de Paris, are things of the past. Curiously enough while I was looking over my notes the other day, I had a visit from an old friend, the Duc de M., who was one of the inner circle of the imperial household of the Emperor Napoleon III, and took an active part in all that went on at court. He had just been hearing from a friend of the very brilliant season at Deauville this year, and the streams of gold that flowed into the caisse of the management of the new hotel and casino. Every possible luxury and every inducement to spend money, racing, gambling, pretty women of all nationalities and facile character, beautifully dressed and covered with jewels, side by side with the bearers of some of the proudest names in France. He said that just fifty years ago he went to Deauville with the Duc de Morny, Princesse Metternich, and the Comtesse de Pourtéles to inaugurate the new watering-place, then of the simplest description. The ladies were badly lodged in a so-called hotel and he had a room in a fisherman's hut.

Marshal MacMahon had a house near Trouville that year, and he came over occasionally to see W., always on horseback and early in the morning. W. used to struggle into his clothes when "M. le

Maréchal" was announced. I think the marshal preferred his military title very much to his civic honours. I suppose there never was so unwilling a president of a republic, except many years later Casimir Périer, who certainly hated the "prison of the Elysée," but the marshal was a soldier, and his military discipline helped him through many difficult positions. We had various visitors who came down for twenty-four hours—one charming visit from the Marquis de Vogüé, then French ambassador at Vienna, where he was very much liked, a persona grata in every way. He was very tall, distinguished-looking, quite the type of the ambassador. When I went to inspect his room I was rather struck by the shortness of the bed—didn't think his long legs could ever get into it. The valet assured me it was all right, the bed was normal, but I doubt if he had a very comfortable night. He and W. were old friends, had travelled in the East together and discussed every possible subject during long starlight nights in the desert. They certainly never thought then that one day they would be closely associated as ambassador and foreign minister. Vogüé didn't like the Republic, didn't believe in the capacity or the sincerity of the Republicans—couldn't understand how W. could. He was a personal friend of the marshal's, remained at Vienna during the marshal's presidency, but left with him, much to W.'s regret, who knew what good service he had done at Vienna and what a difficult post that would be for an improvised diplomatist. It was then, and I fancy is still, one of the stiffest courts in Europe. One hears amusing stories from some diplomatists of the rigid etiquette in court circles, which the Americans were always infringing. A great friend of mine, an American, who had lived all her life abroad, and whose husband was a member of the diplomatic corps in Vienna, was always worrying over the misdemeanours of the Americans who never paid any attention to rules or court etiquette. They invaded charmed circles, walked boldly up to archdukes and duchesses, talking to them cheerfully and easily without waiting to be spoken to, giving them a great deal of information upon all subjects, Austrian as well as American, and probably interested the very stiff Austrian royalties much more than the ordinary trained diplomatist, who would naturally be more correct in his attitude and conversation. I think the American nationality is the most convenient in the world. The Americans do just as they like, and no one is ever surprised. The explanation is quite simple: "They are Americans." I have often noticed little faults of manners or breeding, which would shock one in a representative of an older civilisation, pass quite unnoticed, or merely provoke a smile of amusement.

We drove about a great deal—the country at the back of Deauville, going away from the sea, is lovely—very like England—charming narrow roads with high banks and hedges on each side—big trees with spreading branches meeting overhead—stretches of green fields with cows grazing placidly and horses and colts gambolling about. It is a great grazing and breeding country. There are many haras (breeding stables) in the neighbourhood, and the big Norman posters are much in demand. I have friends who never take their horses to the country. They hire for the season a pair of strong Norman horses that go all day up and down hill at the same regular pace and who get over a vast amount of country. We stopped once or twice when we were a large party, two or three carriages, and had tea at one of the numerous farmhouses that were scattered about. Boiling water was a difficulty—milk, cider, good bread and butter, cheese we could always find—sometimes a galette, but a kettle and boiling water were entirely out of their habits. They used to boil the water in a large black pot, and take it out with a big spoon. However, it amused us, and the water really did boil.

We had an Italian friend, Count A., who went with us sometimes, and he was very débrouillard, made himself delightful at once to the fermière and got whatever he wanted—chairs and tables set out on the grass, with all the cows and colts and chickens walking about quite undisturbed by the unusual sights and sounds. It was all very rustic and a delightful change from the glories of the exposition and official life. It amused me perfectly to see W. with a straw hat, sitting on a rather rickety three-legged stool, eating bread and butter and jam. Once or twice some of W.'s secretaries came down with despatches, and he had a good morning's work, but on the whole the month passed lazily and pleasantly.

We went back to Paris about the 10th of September, and remained there until the end of the exposition. Paris was again crowded with foreigners—the month of October was beautiful, bright and warm, and the afternoons at the exposition were delightful at the end of the day, when the crowd had dispersed a little and the last rays of the setting sun lingered on the Meudon Hills and the river. The buildings and costumes lost their tawdry look, and one saw only a mass of moving colour, which seemed to soften and lose itself in the evening shadows. There were various closing entertainments. The marshal gave a splendid fête at Versailles. We drove out and had some difficulty in making our way through the crowd of carriages, soldiers, police, and spectators that lined the road. It was a beautiful sight as we got near the palace, which was a blaze of light. The terraces and gardens were also illuminated, and the effect of the little lamps hidden away in the branches of the old trees, cut into all sorts of fantastic shapes, was quite wonderful. There were not as many people at the entrance of the palace as we had expected to find, for the invitations had been most generously given to all nationalities. At first the rooms, which were brilliantly lighted, looked almost empty. The famous Galerie des Glaces was quite enchanting, almost too light, if there can be too much light at a fête. There were very few people in it when we arrived rather early —so much so that when I said to M. de L., one of the marshal's aides-de-camp, "How perfectly beautiful it is, even now, empty; what will it be when all the uniforms and jewels are reflected in the mirrors," his answer was: "Ah, Madame, I am afraid we shan't have people enough, the hall is so enormous."

I thought of him afterward when an angry crowd was battering at the doors of one of the salons where the royalties were having refreshments. I don't think they realised, and we certainly didn't, what the noise meant, but some of the marshal's household, who knew that only a slight temporary partition was between us and an irate mob, struggling up the staircase, were green with anxiety. However, the royalties all got away without any difficulty, and we tried to hurry immediately after them, but a dense crowd was then pouring into the room at each end, and for a moment things looked ugly. The gentlemen, my husband and my brother-in-law, Eugene Schuyler, Lord Lyons, British ambassador (a big square-shouldered man), and one or two others, put us, my sister Schuyler and me, in a recess of one of the big windows, with heavy furniture in front of us, but that was not very pleasant—with the crowd moving both ways closing in upon us—and the men were getting nervous, so one of our secretaries squeezed through the crowd and found two or three huissiers, came back with them, and we made a procession—two big huissiers in front, with their silver chains and swords, the mark of official status, which always impresses a French crowd, then Lord Lyons, my sister, and I, then

W. and Schuyler, and two more men behind us—and with considerable difficulty and a good many angry expostulations, we made our way out. Happily our carriages and servants with our wraps were waiting in one of the inner courts, and we got away easily enough, but the evening was disastrous to most of the company.

There must have been some misunderstanding between the marshal's household and the officials at Versailles, as but one staircase (and there are several) was opened to the public, which was of course absolutely insufficient. Why others were not opened and lighted will always be a mystery. Every one got jammed in the one narrow stairway—people jostled and tumbled over each other—some of the women fainted and were carried out, borne high aloft over the heads of the struggling multitudes, and many people never saw their cloaks again. The vestiaire was taken by storm—satin and lace cloaks lying on the ground, trampled upon by everybody, and at the end, various men not having been able to find their coats were disporting themselves in pink satin cloaks lined with swan's-down—over their shoulders. Quantities of people never got into the palace—not even on the staircase. The landing was directly opposite the room where the princes had their buffet—and if they had succeeded in forcing the door, it would have been a catastrophe. While we were standing in the window, looking into the park, which looked an enchanted garden, with the lights and flowers—we wondered if we could jump or climb down if the crowd pressed too much upon us, but it was too high and there were no projecting balconies to serve as stepping-stones. It was a very unpleasant experience.

We were giving a ball at the Quai d'Orsay a few nights afterward, and had also asked a great many people—all the ambassadors sent in very large lists of invitations they wanted for their compatriots, but much the largest was that sent in by the American minister. The invitations sent to the United States Legation (as it was then) were something fabulous. It seemed to me the whole of the United States were in Paris and expecting to be entertained. It is a very difficult position for the American representative on these occasions. Everybody can't be invited to the various entertainments and distinctions are very hard to make. We had some amusing experiences. W. had a letter from one of his English friends, Lord H., saying he was coming to Paris for the fêtes, with his two daughters, and he would like very much to be invited to some of the parties at the Elysée and the ministries. W. replied, saying he would do what he could, and added that we were to have two large dinners and receptions,—one with the Comédie Française afterward and one with music—which one would they come to. Lord H. promptly replied, "to both." It was funny, but really didn't make any difference. When you have a hundred people to dinner you can quite easily have a hundred and three, and in such large parties, arranged weeks beforehand, some one always gives out at the last moment.

We had a great many discussions in W.'s cabinet with two of his secretaries, who were especially occupied with the invitations for our ball. The Parliament of course (le peuple souverain) was invited, but it was a different question for the women, wives of the senators and deputies. We finally arrived at a solution by inviting only the wives I knew. We had an indignant response from one gentleman: "M. X., Député, ne valsant qu'avec sa femme, a l'honneur de renvoyer la carte d'invitation que le Ministre des Affaires Etrangères et Madame Waddington lui ont adressée pour la soirée du 28. . . ." (Mr. X., Deputy, who waltzes only with his wife, has the honour to send back the card of invitation which the Minister of Foreign Affairs and Madame Waddington have sent to him for the party of the 28. . . .) It was unanimously decided that the couple must be invited—a gentleman who went to balls only to dance with his wife must be encouraged in such exemplary behaviour. Another was funny too, in a different style: "Madame K., étant au ciel depuis quelques années, ne pourrait pas se rendre à la gracieuse invitation que le Ministre des Affaires Etrangères et Madame Waddington ont bien voulu lui adresser. Monsieur K. s'y rendra avec plaisir." . . . (Madame K., being in heaven for some years, cannot accept the amiable invitation of the Minister of Foreign Affairs and Madame Waddington. Mr. K. will come with pleasure.) We kept the letters in our archives with many other curious specimens. The house was given over to workmen the last two or three days before the ball. With the remembrance of the staircase at Versailles in our minds, we were most anxious to have no contretemps of any kind to interfere with our entertainment. Both entrances were arranged and the old elevator (which had not worked for years) was put in order. It had been suggested once or twice that I should use it, but as I always had heard a gruesome tale of Madame Drouyn de l'Huys, when her husband was Foreign Minister, hanging in space for four or five hours between the two floors, I was not inclined to repeat that experience.

My recollection of the lower entrance and staircase, which we never used, was of rather a dark, grimy corner, and I was amazed the morning of the ball to see the transformation. Draperies, tapestries, flags, and green plants had done wonders—and the elevator looked quite charming with red velvet hangings and cushions. I don't think any one used it. We had asked our guests at nine-thirty, as the princes said they would come at ten. I was ready about nine, and thought I would go down-stairs by the lower entrance, so as to have a look at the staircase and all the rooms before any one came. There was already such a crowd in the rooms that I couldn't get through; even my faithful Gérard could not make a passage. We were obliged to send for two huissiers, who with some difficulty made room for me. W. and his staff were already in the salon réservé, giving final instructions. The servants told us that since eight o'clock there had been a crowd at the doors, which they opened a little before nine, and a flood of people poured in. The salon réservé had a blue ribbon stretched across the entrance from door to door, and was guarded by huissiers, old hands who knew everybody in the diplomatic and official world, and would not let any one in who hadn't a right to penetrate into the charmed circle (which of course became the one room where every one wanted to go). There were, too, one or two members of W.'s cabinet always stationed near the doors to see that instructions were obeyed.

I don't think the salon réservé exists any more—the blue ribbon certainly not. The rising flood of democracy and equality wouldn't submit to any such barrier. I remember quite well one beautiful woman standing for some time just the wrong side of the ribbon. She was so beautiful that every one remarked her, but she had no official rank or claim of any kind to enter the salon réservé—no one knew her, though every one was asking who she was. She finally made her entrée into the room on the arm of one of the members of the diplomatic corps, a young secretary, one of her friends, who could not refuse her what she wanted so much. She was certainly the handsomest woman in the room with the exception of the actual Queen Alexandra, who was always the most beautiful and distinguished wherever she was.

The royalties didn't dance much. We had the regular quadrille d'honneur with the Princes and Princesses of Wales, Denmark, Sweden, Countess of Flanders, and others. None of the French princes came to the ball. There was a great crowd, but as the distinguished guests remained all the time in the salon réservé, they were not inconvenienced by it. Just before supper, which was served at little round tables in a room opening out of the rotonde, the late King of Denmark, then Crown Prince, brother of the Princess of Wales, told me he would like to go up-stairs and see all the rooms; he had always heard that the Palais d'Orsay was a beautiful house. We made a difficult but stately progress through the rooms. The staircase was a pretty sight, covered with a red carpet, tapestries on the walls, and quantities of pretty women of all nationalities grouped on the steps. We walked through the rooms, where there were just as many people as there were down-stairs, an orchestra, supper-room, people dancing—just like another party going on. We halted a few minutes in my petit salon at the end of the long suite of rooms. It looked quite charming, with the blue brocade walls and quantities of pink roses standing in high glass vases. I suggested taking the elevator to go down, but the prince preferred walking (so did I). It was even more difficult getting through the crowd down-stairs—we had the whole length of the house to cross. Several women stood on chairs as we passed along, in the hope of seeing one of the princesses, but they had wisely remained in the salon réservé, and were afraid to venture into the crowd.

Supper was a serious preoccupation for the young secretaries of the ministry, who had much difficulty in keeping that room private. Long before the supper hour some enterprising spirits had discovered that the royalties were to sup in that room, and finding the secretaries quite inaccessible to any suggestions of "people who had a right to come in"—presidents of commissions and various other distinctions—had recourse to the servants, and various gold pieces circulated, which, however, did not accomplish their object. The secretaries said that they had more trouble with the chamberlains of the various princes than with the princes themselves; they all wanted to sup in the private room, and were much more tenacious of having a good place, or the place they thought was due to them, than their royal masters. The supper was very gay—the Prince of Wales (the late King Edward) perfectly charming—talking to every one, remembering every one with that extraordinary gracious manner which made him friends in all classes. Immediately after supper the princes and distinguished strangers and W. departed. I remained about an hour longer and went to have a look at the ballroom. It was still crowded, people dancing hard, and when finally about two o'clock I retreated to my own quarters, I went to sleep to the sound of waltzes and dance music played by the two orchestras. The revelry continued pretty well all through the night. Whenever I woke I heard strains of music. Supper went on till seven in the morning. Our faithful Kruft told us that there was absolutely nothing left on the tables, and they had almost to force the people out, telling them that an invitation to a ball did not usually extend to breakfast the next morning.

There was a grand official closing of the exposition at the end of November, with a distribution of prizes—the city still very full and very gay—escorts and uniforms in every direction—the Champs-Elysées brilliant with soldiers—equipages of all descriptions, and all the afternoon a crowd of people sitting under the trees, much interested in all that was going on, particularly when carriages would pass with people in foreign and striking costumes. The Chinese always wore their costume; the big yellow birds of paradise became quite a feature of the afternoon défilé. An Indian princess too, dressed entirely in white—a soft clinging material, with a white veil, *not* over her face, and held in place by a gold band going around the head—was always much admired. Every now and then there would be a great clatter of trotting-horses and jingling sabres, when an escort of dragoons would pass, escorting some foreign prince to the Elysée to pay his formal visit to the marshal. Everybody looked gay—French people so dearly love a show—and it was amusing to see the interest every one took in the steady stream of people, from the fashionable woman driving to the Bois in her victoria to the workmen, who would stand in groups on the corners of the streets—some of them occasionally with a child on their shoulders. Frenchmen of all classes are good to children. On a Sunday or fête day, when whole families are coming in from a day at the Bois, one often sees a young husband wheeling a baby-carriage, or carrying a baby in his arms to let the poor mother have a rest. It was curious at the end of the exposition to see how quickly everything was removed (many things had been sold); and in a few days the Champ de Mars took again the same aspect it had at the beginning of the month of May—heavy carts and camions everywhere, oceans of mud, lines of black holes where trees and poles had been planted, and the same groups of small shivering Southerners, all huddled together, wrapped in wonderful cloaks and blankets, quite paralysed with cold. I don't know if the exposition was a financial success—I should think probably not. A great deal of money came into France (but the French spent enormously in their preparations) but the moral effect was certainly good—all the world flocked to Paris. Cabs and river steamers did a flourishing business, as did all the restaurants and cafés in the suburbs. St. Cloud, Meudon, Versailles, Robinson, were crowded every night with people who were thirsting for air and food after long hot days in the dust and struggles of the exposition. We dined there once or twice, but it was certainly neither pleasant nor comfortable—even in the most expensive restaurants. They were all overcrowded, very bad service, badly lighted, and generally bad food. There were various national repasts—Russian, Italian, etc.—but I never participated in any of those, except once at the American restaurant, where I had a very good breakfast one morning, with delicious waffles made by a negro cook. I was rather glad when the exhibition was over. One had a feeling that one ought to see as much as possible, and there were some beautiful things, but it was most fatiguing struggling through the crowd, and we invariably lost the carriage and found ourselves at the wrong entrance, and had to wait hours for a cab. Tiffany had a great success with the French. Many of my friends bought souvenirs of the exposition from him. His work was very original, fanciful, and quite different from the rather stiff, heavy, classic silver that one sees in this country.

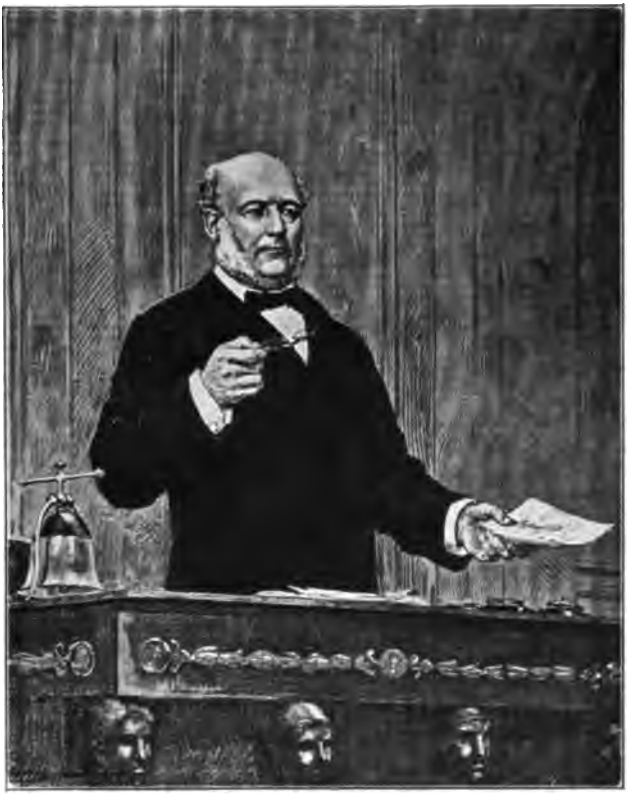
IX

M. WADDINGTON AS PRIME MINISTER

THERE had been a respite, a sort of armed truce, in political circles as long as the exposition lasted, but when the Chambers met again in November, it was evident that things were not going smoothly. The Republicans and Radicals were dissatisfied. Every day there were speeches and insinuations against the marshal and his government, and one felt that a crisis was impending. There were not loaves and fishes enough for the whole Radical party. If one listened to them it would seem as if every préfet and every general were conspiring against the Republic. There were long consultations in W.'s cabinet, and I went often to our house in the rue Dumont d'Urville to see if everything was in order there, as I quite expected to be back there for Christmas. A climax was reached when the marshal was asked to sign the deposition of some of the generals. He absolutely refused—the ministers persisted in their demands. There was not much discussion, the marshal's mind was made up, and on the 30th of January, 1879, he announced in the Conseil des Ministres his irrevocable decision, and handed his ministers his letter of resignation.

We had a melancholy breakfast—W., Count de P., and I—the last day of the marshal's presidency. W. was very blue, was quite sure the marshal would resign, and foresaw all sorts of complications both at home and abroad. The day was gloomy too, grey and cold, even the big rooms of the ministry were dark. As soon as they had started for Versailles, I took baby and went to mother's. As I went over the bridge I wondered how many more times I should cross it, and whether the end of the week would see me settled again in my own house. We drove about and had tea together, and I got back to the Quai d'Orsay about six o'clock. Neither W. nor Count de P. had got back from Versailles, but there were two telegrams—the first one to say that the marshal had resigned, the second one that Grévy was named in his place, with a large majority.

W. was rather depressed when he came home—he had always a great sympathy and respect for the marshal, and was very sorry to see him go, —thought his departure would complicate foreign affairs. As long as the marshal was at the



M. Jules Grévy, reading Marshal MacMahon's letter of resignation to the Chamber of Deputies.

From *L'Illustration*, February 8, 1879.

Elysée, foreign governments were not afraid of coups d'état or revolutions. He was also sorry that Dufaure would not remain, but he was an old man, had had enough of political life and party struggles—left the field to younger men. The marshal's letter was communicated at once to the Parliament, and the houses met in the afternoon. There was a short session to hear the marshal's letter read (by Grévy in the Chamber of Deputies) and the two houses, Senate and Chamber of Deputies, were convoked for a later hour of the same afternoon. There was not much excitement, two or three names were pronounced, but every one felt sure that Grévy would be the man. He was nominated by a large majority, and the Republicans were jubilant—thought the Republic was at last established on a firm and proper basis. Grévy was perfectly calm and self-possessed—did not show much enthusiasm. He must have felt quite sure from the first moment that he would be named. His first visitor was the marshal, who wished him all possible success in his new mission, and, if Grévy was pleased to be the President of the Republic, the marshal was even more pleased not to be, and to take up his private life again.

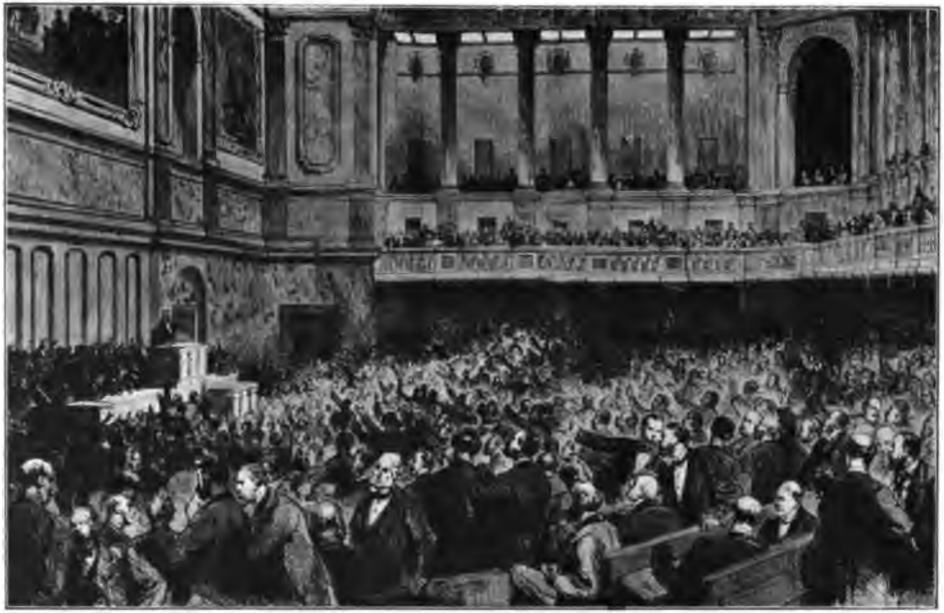
There were many speculations as to who would be charged by Grévy to form his first cabinet—

and almost permanent meetings in all the groups of the Left. W.'s friends all said he would certainly remain at the Foreign Office, but that depended naturally upon the choice of the premier. If he were taken from the more advanced ranks of the Left, W. could not possibly stay. We were not long in suspense. W. had one or two interviews with Grévy, which resulted in his remaining at the Foreign Office, but as prime minister. W. hesitated at first, felt that it would not be an easy task to keep all those very conflicting elements together. There were four Protestants in the ministry, W., Léon Say, de Freycinet, and Le Royer. Jules Ferry, who took the Ministry of Public Instruction, a very clever man, was practically a freethinker, and the Parliament was decidedly more advanced. The last elections had given a strong Republican majority to the Senate. He consulted with his brother, Richard Waddington, then a deputy, afterward a senator, president of the Chamber of Commerce of Rouen, and some of his friends, and finally decided to accept the very honourable, but very onerous position, and remained at the Foreign Affairs with Grévy, as prime minister.

If I had seen little of him before, I saw nothing of him now, as his work was exactly doubled. We did breakfast together, but it was a most irregular meal—sometimes at twelve o'clock, sometimes at one-thirty, and very rarely alone. We always dined out or had people dining with us, so that family life became a dream of the past. We very rarely went together when we dined out. W. was always late—his coupé waited hours in the court. I had my carriage and went alone. After eight or ten days of irregular meals at impossible hours (we often dined at nine-thirty) I said to Count de P., W.'s chef de cabinet: "Can't you arrange to have business over a little earlier? It is awful to dine so late and to wait so long," to which he replied: "Ah, madame, no one can be more desirous than I to change that order of things, for when the minister dines at nine-thirty, the chef de cabinet gets his dinner at ten-thirty." We did manage to get rather more satisfactory hours after a little while, but it was always difficult to extract W. from his work if it were anything important. He became absorbed, and absolutely unconscious of time.

The new President, Grévy, installed himself at once at the Elysée with his wife and daughter. There was much speculation about Madame Grévy—no one had ever seen her—she was absolutely unknown. When Grévy was president of the National Assembly, he gave very pleasant men's dinners, where Madame Grévy never appeared. Every one (of all opinions) was delighted to go to him, and the talk was most brilliant and interesting. Grévy was a perfect host, very cultivated, with a marvellous memory—quoting pages of the classics, French, and Latin.

Madame Grévy was always spoken of as a quiet, unpretending person—occupied with domestic duties, who hated society and never went anywhere—in fact, no one ever heard her name mentioned. A great many people didn't know that Grévy had a wife. When her husband became President of the Republic, there was much discussion as to Madame Grévy's social status in the official world. I don't think Grévy wanted her to appear nor to take any part in the new life, and she certainly didn't want to. Nothing in her former life had prepared her for such a change, and it was always an effort for her, but both were overruled by their friends, who thought a woman was a necessary part of the position. It was some little time before they were settled at the Elysée. W. asked Grévy once or twice when Madame Waddington might call upon his wife—and he answered that as soon as they were quite installed I should receive a notice. One day a communication arrived from the



M. Jules Grévy elected President of the Republic by the Senate and Chamber of Deputies meeting as the National Assembly.

From *L'Illustration*, February 8, 1879.

Elysée, saying that Madame Grévy would receive the diplomatic corps and the ministers' wives on a fixed day at five o'clock. The message was sent on to the diplomatic corps, and when I arrived on the appointed day (early, as I wanted to see the people come in, and also thought I must present the foreign ladies) there were already several carriages in the court.

The Elysée looked just as it did in the marshal's time—plenty of servants in gala liveries—two or three huissiers who knew everybody—palms, flowers, everywhere. The traditions of the palace are carried on from one President to another, and a permanent staff of servants remains. We found Madame Grévy with her daughter and one or two ladies, wives, I suppose, of the secretaries, seated in the well-known drawing-room with the beautiful tapestries—Madame Grévy in a large gold armchair at the end of the room—a row of gilt armchairs on each side of hers—mademoiselle standing behind her mother. A huissier announced every one distinctly, but the names and titles said nothing to Madame Grévy. She was tall, middle-aged, handsomely dressed, and visibly nervous—made a great many gestures when she talked. It was amusing to see all the people arrive. I had nothing to do—there were no introductions—every one was announced, and they all walked straight up to Madame Grévy, who was very polite, got up for every one, men and women. It was rather an imposing circle that gathered around her—Princess Hohenlohe, German ambassadress, sat on one side of her—Marquise Molins, Spanish ambassadress, on the other. There were not many men—Lord Lyons, as doyen of the diplomatic corps, the nonce, and a good many representatives of the South American Republics. Madame Grévy was perfectly bewildered, and did try to talk to the ladies next to her, but it was an intimidating function for any one, and she had no one to help her, as they were all quite new to the work. It was obviously an immense relief to her when some lady of the official world came in, whom she had known before. The two ladies plunged at once into a very animated conversation about their children, husbands, and various domestic matters—a perfectly natural conversation, but not interesting to the foreign ladies.

We didn't make a very long visit—it was merely a matter of form. Lord Lyons came out with me, and we had quite a talk while I was waiting for my carriage in the anteroom. He was so sensible always in his intercourse with the official world, quite realised that the position was difficult and trying for Madame Grévy—it would have been for any one thrown at once without any preparation into such perfectly different surroundings. He had a certain experience of republics and republican manners, as he had been some years in Washington as British minister, and had often seen wives of American statesmen and ministers, fresh from the far West, beginning their career in Washington, quite bewildered by the novelty of everything and utterly ignorant of all questions of etiquette—only he said the American women were far more adaptable than either French or English—or than any others in the world, in fact. He also said that day, and I have heard him repeat it once or twice since, that he had *never* met a stupid American woman. . . .

I have always thought it was unnecessary to insist upon Madame Grévy's presence at the Elysée. It is very difficult for any woman, no longer very young, to begin an entirely new life in a perfectly different milieu, and certainly more difficult for a Frenchwoman of the bourgeoisie than any other. They live in such a narrow circle, their lives are so cramped and uninteresting—they know so little of society and foreign ways and manners that they must be often uncomfortable and make mistakes. It is very different for a man. All the small questions of dress and manners, etc., don't exist for him. One man in a dress coat and white cravat looks very like another, and men of all conditions are polite to a lady. When a man is intelligent, no one notices whether his coat and waist-coat are too wide or too short and whether his boots are clumsy.

Madame Grévy never looked happy at the Elysée. They had a big dinner every Thursday, with a reception afterward, and she looked so tired when she was sitting on the sofa, in the diplomatic salon, making conversation for the foreigners and people of all kinds who came to their receptions, that one felt really sorry for her. Grévy was always a striking personality. He had a fine head, a quiet, dignified manner, and looked very well when he stood at the door receiving his guests. I don't think he cared very much about foreign affairs—he was essentially French—had never lived abroad or known any foreigners. He was too intelligent not to understand that a country must have foreign relations, and that France must take her place again as a great power, but home politics interested him much more than anything else. He was a charming talker—every one wanted to talk to him, or rather to listen to him. The evenings were pleasant enough in the diplo-

The Elysée Palace, Paris.

matic salon. It was interesting to see the attitude of the different diplomatists. All were correct, but most of them were visibly antagonistic to the Republic and the Republicans (which they considered much accentuée since the nomination of Grévy—the women rather more so than the men). One felt, if one didn't hear, the criticisms on the dress, deportment, and general style of the Republican ladies.

I didn't quite understand their view of the situation. They were all delighted to come to Paris, and knew perfectly well the state of things, what an abyss existed between all the Conservative party, Royalists and Bonapartists, and the Republican, but the absence of a court didn't make any difference in their position. They went to all the entertainments given in the Faubourg St. Germain, and all the société came to theirs. With very few exceptions they did only what was necessary in the way of intercourse with the official world. I think they made a mistake, both for themselves and their governments. France was passing through an entirely new phase; everything was changing, many young intelligent men were coming to the front, and there were interesting and able discussions in the Chambers, and in the salons of the Republican ministers and deputies. I dare say the new theories of liberty and equality were not sympathetic to the trained representatives of courts, but the world was advancing, democracy was in the air, and one would have thought it would have interested foreigners to follow the movement and to judge for themselves whether the young Republic had any chance of life. One can hardly imagine a public man not wishing to hear all sides of a question, but I think, *certainly* in the beginning, there was such a deep-rooted distrust and dislike to the Republic, that it was impossible to see things fairly. I don't know that it mattered very much. In these days of rapid travelling and telephone, an ambassador's rôle is much less important than in the old days when an ambassador with his numerous suite of secretaries and servants, travelling by post, would be days on the road before reaching his destination, and when all sorts of things might happen, kingdoms and dynasties be overthrown in the interval. Now all the great measures and negotiations are discussed and settled in the various chancelleries—the ambassador merely transmits his instructions.

I think the women were rather more uncompromising than the men. One day in my drawing-room there was a lively political discussion going on, and one heard all the well-known phrases "le gouvernement infect," "no gentleman could serve the Republic," etc. I wasn't paying much attention—never did; I had become accustomed to that style of conversation, and knew exactly what they were all going to say, when I heard one of my friends, an American-born, married to a Frenchman of very good old family, make the following statement: "Toute la canaille est Républicaine." That was really too much, and I answered: "Vous êtes bien indulgente pour l'Empire." When one thinks of the unscrupulous (not to use a stronger term) and needy adventurers, who made the Coup d'Etat and played a great part in the court of the Second Empire, it was really a little startling to be told that the Republicans enjoyed the monopoly of the canaille. However, I suppose nothing is so useless as a political discussion (except perhaps a religious one). No one ever converts any one else. I have always heard it said that the best political speech never changed a vote.

The first person who entertained Grévy was Prince Hohenlohe, the German ambassador. They had a brilliant reception, rooms crowded, all the official world and a fair contingent from the Faubourg St. Germain. The President brought his daughter with him (Madame Grévy never accepted any invitations) and they walked through the rooms arm-in-arm, mademoiselle declining the arm of Count Wesdehlen, first secretary of the German Embassy.

However, she was finally prevailed upon to abandon the paternal support, and then Wesdehlen installed her in a small salon where Mollard, Introducteur des Ambassadeurs, took charge of her and introduced a great many men to her. No woman would ask to be introduced to an unmarried woman, and that of course made her position difficult. The few ladies she had already seen at the Elysée came up to speak to her, but didn't stay near her, so she was really receiving almost alone with Mollard. Grévy was in another room, très entouré, as he always was. The diplomatic corps did not spare their criticisms. Madame Grévy received every Saturday in the afternoon, and I went often—not every time. It was a funny collection of people, some queerly dressed women and one or two men in dress coats and white cravats,—always a sprinkling of diplomatists. Prince Orloff was often there, and if anybody could have made that stiff, shy semicircle of women comfortable, he would have done it, with his extraordinary ease of manner and great habit of the world. Gambetta was installed in the course of the month at the Palais Bourbon, next to us. It was brilliantly lighted every night, and my chef told me one of his friends, an excellent cook, was engaged, and that there would be a great many dinners. The Palais Bourbon had seen great entertainments in former days, when the famous Duc de Morny was Président de la Chambre des Députés. Under Napoleon III his entertainments were famous. The whole world, fashionable, political, and diplomatic thronged his salons, and invitations were eagerly sought for not only by the French people, but by the many foreigners who passed through Paris at that time. Gambetta must have been a curious contrast to the Duc de Morny.

We went to see a first function at the Elysée some time in February, two Cardinals were to be named and Grévy was to deliver the birettas. Mollard asked to see me one morning, telling me that the two ablegates with their suite had arrived, and wished to pay their respects to me. One of them was Monsignor Cataldi, whom we had known well in Rome when we were living there. He was a friend of my brother (General Rufus King, the last United States minister to the Vatican under Pia Nono), and came often to the house. He was much excited when he found out that Madame Waddington was the Mary King he had known so well in Rome. He had with him an English priest, whose name, curiously enough, was English. They appeared about tea-time and were quite charming, Cataldi just as fat and cheerful and talkative as I remembered him in the old days in Rome. We plunged at once into all sorts of memories of old times—the good old times when Rome was small and *black* and interesting—something quite apart and different from any other place in the world. Monsignor English was much younger and more reserved, the Anglo-Saxon type—a contrast to the exuberant Southerners. We asked them to dine the next night and were able to get a few interesting people to meet them, Comte et Comtesse de Sartiges, and one or two deputies—bien-pensants. Sartiges was formerly French ambassador in Rome to the Vatican, and a very clever diplomatist. He was very autocratic, did exactly what he liked. I remember quite well some of his small dances at the embassy. The invitations were from ten to twelve, and at twelve precisely the musicians stopped playing—no matter who was dancing, the ball was over. His wife was an American, from Boston, Miss Thorndike, who always retained the simple, natural manner of the well-born American. Their son, the Vicomte de Sartiges, has followed in his father's footsteps, and is one of the most serious and intelligent of the young diplomatists.

Cataldi made himself very agreeable, spoke French perfectly well, though with a strong Italian accent. He confided to me after dinner that he would have liked to see some of the more advanced political men, instead of the very conservative Catholics we had invited to meet them. "I know what these gentlemen think; I would like to talk to some of the others, those who think 'le clericalism c'est l'ennemi,' and who are firmly convinced that the soutane serves as a cloak for all sorts of underhand and unpatriotic dealings; I can only see them abroad, never in Rome." He would have talked to them quite easily. Italians have so much natural tact, in discussing difficult questions, never irritate people unnecessarily.

W. enjoyed his evening. He had never been in Rome, nor known many Romans, and it amused him to see how skilfully Cataldi (who was a devoted admirer of Leo XIII) avoided all cross-currents and difficult questions, saying only what he intended to say, and appreciating all that was said to him.

Henrietta and I were very anxious to see the ceremony at the Elysée, and asked Mollard, Introducteur des Ambassadeurs and chef du Protocole—a most important man on all official occasions, if he couldn't put us somewhere in a corner, where we could see, without taking any part. W. was of no use to us, as he went officially, in uniform. Madame Grévy was very amiable, and sent us an invitation to breakfast. We found a small party assembled in the tapestry salon when we arrived at the Elysée—the President with all his household, civil and military, Madame and Mademoiselle Grévy, three or four ladies, wives of the aides-de-camp and secretaries, also several prominent ecclesiastics, among them Monsignor Capel, an English priest, a very handsome and attractive man, whom we had known well in Rome. He was supposed to have made more women converts to Catholicism than any man of his time; I can quite understand his influence with women. There was something very natural and earnest about him—no pose. I had not seen him since I had married and was very pleased when I recognised him. He told me he had never seen W.—was most anxious to make his acquaintance.

While we were talking, W. came in, looking very warm and uncomfortable, wearing his stiff, gold-embroidered uniform, which changed him very much. I introduced Capel to him at once. They had quite a talk before the Archbishops and ablegates arrived. The two future Cardinals, Monseigneur Pie, Archbishop of Poitiers, and Monseigneur Desprey, Archbishop of Toulouse, were well known in the Catholic world. The Pope's choice was generally approved. They were treated with all due ceremony, as befitted princes of the church. One of the Elysée carriages (always very well turned out), with an escort of cavalry, went to fetch them, and they looked very stately and imposing in their robes when they came into the room where we were waiting. They were very different, Monseigneur Pie tall, thin, cold, arrogant,—one felt it was a trial for him to receive his Cardinal's hat from the hands of a Republican President. Monseigneur Desprcy had a kind good expression. I don't think he liked it much either, but he put a better face on the matter.

Both Cardinals said exactly what one imagined they would say—that the traditional fidelity of France to the church should be supported and encouraged in every way in these troubled days of indifference to religion, etc. One felt all the time the strong antagonism of the church to the Republic. Grévy answered extremely well, speaking with much dignity and simplicity, and assuring the Cardinals that they could always count upon the constitutional authority of the head of the state, in favour of the rights of the church. I was quite pleased to see again the red coats and high boots of the gardes nobles. It is a very showy, dashing uniform. The two young men were good-looking and wore it very well. I asked to have them presented to me, and we had a long talk over old days in Rome when the Pope went out every day to the different villas, and promenades, and always with an escort of gardes nobles. I invited them to our reception two or three nights afterward, and they seemed to enjoy themselves. They were, of course, delighted with their short stay in Paris, and I think a little surprised at the party at the Foreign Office under a Republican régime. I don't know if they expected to find the rooms filled with gentlemen in the traditional red Garibaldian shirt—and ladies in corresponding simplicity of attire.

We saw a great many English at the Quai d'Orsay. Queen Victoria stayed one or two nights at the British Embassy, passing through Paris on her way South. She sent for W., who had never seen her since his undergraduate days at Cambridge. He found her quite charming, very easy, interested in everything. She began the conversation in French—(he was announced with all due ceremony as Monsieur le Ministre des Affaires Etrangères) and W. said she spoke it remarkably well,—then, with her beautiful smile which light-

Her Majesty Queen Victoria, about 1879.

From a photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.

ened up her whole face: "I think I can speak English with a Cambridge scholar." She was much interested in his beginnings in England at Rugby and Cambridge—and was evidently astonished, though she had too much tact to show it, that he had chosen to make his life and career in France instead of accepting the proposition made to him by his cousin Waddington, then Dean of Durham, to remain in England and continue his classic and literary studies under his guidance. When the interview was over he found the Queen's faithful Scotch retainer, John Brown, who always accompanied her everywhere, waiting outside the door, evidently hoping to see the minister. He spoke a few words with him, as a countryman—W. being half Scotch—his mother was born Chisholm. They shook hands and John Brown begged him to come to Scotland, where he would receive a hearty welcome. W. was very pleased with his reception by the Queen. Lord Lyons told him afterward that she had been very anxious to see him; she told him later, in speaking of the interview, that it was very difficult to realise that she was speaking to a French minister—everything about him was so absolutely English, figure, colouring, and speech.

Many old school and college experiences were evoked that year by the various English who passed through Paris. One night at a big dinner at the British Embassy I was sitting next to the Prince of Wales (late King Edward). He said to me: "There is an old friend of your husband's here to-night, who will be so glad to see him again. They haven't met since he was his fag at Rugby." After dinner he was introduced to me—Admiral Glynn—a charming man, said his last recollection of W. was making his toast for him and getting a good cuff when the toast fell into the fire and got burnt. The two men talked together for some time in the smoking-room, recalling all sorts of schoolboy exploits. Another school friend was Sir Francis Adams, first secretary and "counsellor" at the British Embassy. When the ambassador took his holiday, Adams replaced him, and had the rank and title of minister plenipotentiary. He came every Wednesday, the diplomatic reception day, to the Quai d'Orsay to talk business. As long as a secretary or a huissier was in the room, they spoke to each other most correctly in French; as soon as they were alone, relapsed into easy and colloquial English. We were very fond of Adams—saw a great deal of him not only in Paris, but when we first lived in London at the embassy. He died suddenly in Switzerland, and W. missed him very much. He was very intelligent, a keen observer, had been all over the world, and his knowledge and appreciation of foreign countries and ways was often very useful to W.

We continued our dinners and receptions, which always interested me, we saw so many people of all kinds. One dinner was for Prince Alexander of Battenberg, just as he was starting to take possession of the new principality of Bulgaria. He was one of the handsomest men I have ever seen, —tall, young, strong. He seemed the type of the dashing young chief who would inspire confidence in a new independent state. He didn't speak of his future with much enthusiasm. I wonder if a presentiment was even then overclouding what seemed a brilliant beginning! He talked a great deal at dinner. He was just back from Rome, and full of its charm, which at once made a bond of sympathy between us. Report said he had left his heart there with a young Roman. He certainly spoke of the happy days with a shade of melancholy. I suggested that he ought to marry, that would make his "exile," as he called it, easier to bear. "Ah, yes, if one could choose." Then after a pause, with an almost boyish petulance: "They want me to marry Princess X., but I don't want to." "Is she pretty, will she help you in your new country?" "I don't know; I don't care; I have never seen her."

Poor fellow, he had a wretched experience. Some of the "exiles" were less interesting. A lady asked to see me one day, to enlist my sympathies for her brother and plead his cause with the minister. He had been named to a post which he couldn't really accept. I rather demurred, telling her messenger, one of the secretaries of the Foreign Office, that it was quite useless, her asking me to interfere. W. was not very likely to consult me in his choice of nominations—and in fact the small appointments, secretaries, were generally prepared in the Chancellerie and followed the usual routine of regular promotion. An ambassador, of course, was different, and was sometimes taken quite outside the carrière. The lady persisted and appeared one morning—a pretty, well-dressed femme du monde whom I had often met without making her acquaintance. She plunged at once into her subject—her brother's delicate health, accustomed to all the comforts and what the books call "higher civilisation" of Europe, able to do good service in courts and society, as he knew everybody. It was a pity to send him to such an out-of-the-way place, with an awful climate,—any consul's clerk would do as well. I supposed he had been named to

Caracas, South America, or some other remote and unhealthy part of the globe, but when she stopped for a moment, I discovered that the young man was named to Washington. I was really surprised, didn't know what to say at once, when the absurdity of the thing struck me and I answered that Washington was far, perhaps across the ocean, but there were compensations—but she took up her argument again, such an impossible place, everything so primitive, I really think she thought the youth was going to an Indian settlement, all squaws and wigwams and tomahawks. I declined any interference with the minister's appointments, assuring her I had no influence whatever, and she took leave of me very icily. I heard the sequel afterward—the young man refused the post as quite unworthy of him. There were several others ready and pleased to take it, and M. de X. was put en disponibilité.

We saw too that year for the first time the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia (later Emperor Alexander III, whose coronation we went to at Moscow) and the Grande Duchesse Marie. Prince Orloff arranged the interview, as he was very anxious that the Grand Duke should have some talk with W. They were in Paris for three or four days, staying at the Hotel Bristol, where they received us. He was a tall, handsome man, with a blond beard and blue eyes, quite the Northern type. She recalled her sister (Queen Alexandra), not quite so tall, but with the same gracious manner and beautiful eyes. The Grand Duke talked a great deal, principally politics, to W. He expressed himself very doubtfully about the stability of the Republic, and was evidently worried over the possibility of a general amnesty, "a very dangerous measure which no government should sanction." W. assured him there would be no general amnesty, but he seemed sceptical, repeated several times: "Soyez stable, soyez ferme." The Grande Duchesse talked to me about Paris, the streets were so gay, the shops so tempting, and all the people so smiling and happy. I suppose the contrast struck her, coming from Russia where the people look sad and listless. I was much impressed with their sad, repressed look when we were in Russia for the coronation—one never heard people laugh or sing in the streets—and yet we were there at a time of great national rejoicings, amusements of all kinds provided for the people. Their national melodies, volklieder (songs of the people), have always a strain of sadness running through them. Our conversation was in French, which both spoke very well.

The winter months went by quickly enough with periodical alarms in the political world when some new measure was discussed which aroused everybody's passions and satisfied neither side. I made weekly visits to my own house, which was never dismantled, as I always felt our stay at the Quai d'Orsay would not last much longer. One of our colleagues, Madame Léon Say, an intelligent, charming woman, took matters more philosophically than I did. Her husband had been in and out of office so often that she was quite indifferent to sudden changes of residence. They too kept their house open and she said she had always a terrine de crise ready in her larders.

The diplomatic appointments, the embassies particularly, were a difficulty. Admiral Pothnau went to London. He was a very gallant officer and had served with the English in the Crimea—had the order of the Bath, and exactly that stand-off, pompous manner which suits English people. General Chanzy went to St. Petersburg. It has been the tradition almost always to send a soldier to Russia. There is so little intercourse between the Russian Emperor and any foreigner, even an ambassador, that an ordinary diplomatist, no matter how intelligent or experienced he might be, would have very few opportunities to talk to the

Emperor; whereas an officer, with the various reviews and manœuvres that are always going on in Russia, would surely approach him more easily. I was so struck when we were in Russia with the immense distance that separated the princes from the ordinary mortals. They seem like demigods on a different plane (in Russia I mean; of course when they come to Paris their godlike attributes disappear, unfortunately for themselves).

Chanzy was very happy in Russia, where he was extremely well received. He dined with us one night, when he was at home on leave, and was most enthusiastic about everything in Russia—their finances, their army—the women of all classes so intelligent, so patriotic. He was evidently quite sous le charme. When he had gone, M. Desprey, then Directeur de la Politique, a very clever man, who had seen many ambassadors come and go from all the capitals of Europe, said:

"It is curious how all the ambassadors who go to Russia have that same impression. I have never known it to fail. It is the Russian policy to be delightful to the ambassadors—make life very easy for them—show them all that is brilliant and interesting—open all doors (society, etc.) and keep all sordid and ugly questions in the background."

St. Vallier remained at Berlin. His name had been mentioned for Foreign Minister when Dufaure was making his cabinet, but he hadn't the health for it—and I think preferred being in Berlin. He knew Germany well and had a good many friends in Berlin.

W. of course had a great many men's dinners, from which I was excluded. I dined often with some of my friends, not of the official world, and I used to ask myself sometimes if the Quai d'Orsay and these houses could be in the same country. It was an entirely different world, every point of view different, not only politics—that one would expect, as the whole of society was anti-Republican, Royalist, or Bonapartist—but every question discussed wore a different aspect. Once or twice there was a question of Louis XIV and what he would have done in certain cases,—the religious question always a passionate one. That of course I never discussed, being a Protestant, and knowing quite well that the real fervent Catholics think Protestants have no religion.

I was out driving with a friend one morning in Lent (Holy Week), Thursday I think—and said I could not be out late, as I must go to church—perhaps she would drop me at the Protestant Chapel in the Avenue de la Grand Armée. She was so absolutely astonished that it was almost funny, though I was half angry too. "You are going to church on Holy Thursday. I didn't know Protestants ever kept Lent, or Holy Week or any saint's day." "Don't you think we ever go to church?" "Oh, yes, to a conference or sermon on Sundays, but you are not pratiquant like us." I was really put out, and tried another day, when she was sitting with me, to show her our prayer-book, and explained that the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, to say nothing of various other prayers, were just the same as in her livre de Messe, but I didn't make any impression upon her—her only remark being, "I suppose you do believe in God," —yet she was a clever, well-educated woman—knew her French history well, and must have known what a part the French Protestants played at one time in France, when many of the great nobles were Protestants.

Years afterward, with the same friend, we were discussing the proposed marriage of the Duke of Clarence, eldest son of the late King Edward VII of England, who wanted very much to marry Princess Hélène d'Orléans, daughter of the Comte de Paris, now Duchesse d'Aosta. It was impossible for the English prince, heir to the throne, to marry a Catholic princess—it seemed equally impossible for the French princess to become a Protestant.

The Pope was consulted and very strong influence brought to bear on the question, but the Catholic Church was firm. We were in London at the time, and of course heard the question much discussed. It was an interesting case, as the two young people were much in love with each other. I said to my friend:

"If I were in the place of the Princess Hélène I should make myself a Protestant. It is a big bait for the daughter of an exiled prince to be Queen of England."

"But it couldn't be; no Catholic could change her religion or make herself Protestant."

"Yet there is a precedent in your history. Your King Henri IV of beloved memory, a Protestant, didn't hesitate to make himself a Catholic to be King of France."

"Ah, but that is quite different."

"For you perhaps, chère amie, but not for us."

However, the poor young prince died suddenly of pneumonia, so the sacrifice would have been in vain.

All the autumn of '79 was very agitated. We were obliged to curtail our stay at Bourneville, our country home. Even though the Chambers were not sitting, every description of political intrigue was going on. Every day W. had an immense courrier and every second day a secretary came down from the Quai d'Orsay with despatches and papers to sign. Telegrams came all day long. W. had one or two shooting breakfasts and the long tramps in the woods rested him. The guests were generally the notabilities of the small towns and villages of his circumscription,—mayors, farmers, and small landowners. They all talked politics and W. was surprised to see how in this quiet agricultural district the fever of democracy had mounted. Usually the well-to-do farmer is very conservative, looks askance at the very advanced opinions of the young radicals, but a complete change had come over them. They seemed to think the Republic, founded at last upon a solid basis, supported by honest Republicans, would bring untold prosperity not only to the country, but to each individual, and many very modest, unpretending citizens of the small towns saw themselves conseilleurs généraux, deputies, perhaps even ministers. It was a curious change. However, on the whole, the people in our part of the world were reasonable. I was sorry to go back to town. I liked the last beautiful days of September in the country. The trees were just beginning to turn, and the rides in the woods were delightful, the roads so soft and springy. The horses seemed to like the brisk canter as much as we did. We disturbed all the forest life as we galloped along—hares and rabbits scuttled away—we saw their white tails disappearing into holes, and when we crossed a bit of plain, partridges a long distance off would rise and take their crooked flight across the fields. It was so still, always is in the woods, that the horses' feet could be heard a long way off. It was getting colder (all the country folk predicted a very cold winter) and the wood-fire looked very cheerful and comfortable in my little salon when we came in.

However, everything must end, and W. had to go back to the fight, which promised to be lively. In Paris we found people wearing furs and preparing for a cold winter. The house of the Quai d'Orsay was comfortable, well warmed, calorifères and big fires in all the rooms, and whenever there was any sun it poured into the rooms from the garden. I didn't take up my official afternoon receptions. The session had not begun, and, as it seemed extremely unlikely that the coming year would see us still at the Quai d'Orsay, it was not worth while to embark upon that dreary function. I was at home every afternoon after five—had tea in my little blue salon, and always had two or three people to keep me company. Prince Hohenlohe came often, settled himself in an armchair with his cup of tea, and talked easily and charmingly about everything. He was just back from Germany and reported Bismarck and the Emperor (I should have said, perhaps, the Emperor and Bismarck) as rather worried over the rapid strides France was making in radicalism. He reassured them, told them Grévy was essentially a man of peace, and, as long as moderate men like W., Léon Say, and their friends remained in office, things would go quietly. "Yes, if they remain. I have an idea we shan't stay much longer, and report says Freycinet will be the next premier." He evidently had heard the same report, and spoke warmly of Freycinet,—intelligent, energetic, and such a precise mind. If W. were obliged to resign, which he personally would regret, he thought Freycinet was the coming man—unless Gambetta wanted to be premier. He didn't think he did, was not quite ready yet, but his hand might be forced by his friends, and of course if he wanted it, he would be the next Président du Conseil. He also told me a great many things that Blowitz had said to him—he had a great opinion of him—said he was so marvellously well-informed of all that was going on. It was curious to see how a keen, clever man like Prince Hohenlohe attached so much importance to anything that Blowitz said. The nuncio, Monseigneur Czaski, came too sometimes at tea-time. He was a charming talker, but I always felt as if he were saying exactly what he meant to and what he wanted me to repeat to W. I am never quite sure with Italians. There is always a certain reticence under their extremely natural, rather exuberant manner. Monseigneur Czaski was not an Italian by birth—a Pole, but I don't know that they inspire much more confidence.

X

PARLIAMENT BACK IN PARIS

THE question of the return of the Parliament to Paris had at last been solved after endless discussions. All the Republicans were in favour of it, and they were masters of the situation. The President, Grévy, too wanted it very much. If the Chambers continued to sit at Versailles, he would be obliged to establish himself there, which he didn't want to do. Many people were very unwilling to make the change, were honestly nervous about possible disturbances in the streets, and, though they grumbled too at the loss of time, the draughty carriages of the parliamentary train, etc., they still preferred those discomforts to any possibility of rioting and street fights, and the invasion of the Chamber of Deputies by a Paris mob. W. was very anxious for the change.

He didn't in the least anticipate any trouble—his principal reason for wanting the Parliament back was the loss of time, and also to get rid of the conversations in the train, which tired him very much. He never could make himself heard without an effort, as his voice was low, had no "timbre," and he didn't hear his neighbours very well in the noise of the train. He always arrived at the station at the last minute, and got into the last carriage, hoping to be undisturbed, and have a quiet half-hour with his papers, but he was rarely left alone. If any deputy who wanted anything recognised him, he of course got in the same carriage, because he knew he was sure of a half-hour to state his case, as the minister couldn't get away from him. The Chambers met, after a short vacation in November, at last in Paris, and already there were so many interpellations announced on every possible subject, so many criticisms on the policy of the cabinet, and so many people wanting other people's places, that the session promised to be very lively—the Senate at the Palais du Luxembourg, the Deputies at the Palais Bourbon.

W. and I went over to the Luxembourg one morning early in October, to see the arrangements that had been made for the Senate. He wanted too to choose his seat. I hadn't been there in the daytime for years—I had dined once or twice at the Petit Palais with various presidents of the Senate, but my only impression was a very long drive (from the Barrière de l'Etoile where we lived) and fine high rooms with heavy gilt furniture and tapestries. The palace was built by Maria de' Medici, wife of Henri IV. After the death of that very chivalrous but very undomestic monarch, she retired to the Luxembourg, and from there as regent (her son Louis XIII was only ten years old when his father died) for some years directed the policy of France under the guidance of her favourite, the Italian Concini, and his wife.

The palace recalls very much the Palazzo Pitti in Florence, with its solid masonry and rather severe heavy architecture. It must have been a gloomy residence, notwithstanding the beautiful gardens with their broad alleys and great open spaces. The gardens are stiff, very Italian, with statues, fountains, and marble balustrades—not many flowers, except immediately around the palace, but they were flooded with sunshine that day, and the old grey pile seemed to rise out of a parterre of bright flowers. The palace has been slightly modernised, but the general architecture remains the same. Many people of all kinds have lived there since it was built—several royal princes, and the Emperor Napoleon when he was First Consul. He went from there to the Tuileries. The Luxembourg Palace has always been associated with the history of France. During the Revolution it was a prison, and many of the curious scenes one reads of at that period took place in those old walls—the grandes dames so careful of their dress and their manners, the grands seigneurs so brave and gallant, striving in every way by their witty conversation and their music (for they sang and played in the prisons all through that awful time) to distract the women and make them forget the terrible doom that was hanging over them. Many well-known people went straight from the palace to the scaffold. It seemed a fitting place for the sittings of the Senate and the deliberations of a chosen body of men, who were supposed to bring a maturer judgment and a wider experience in the discussion of all the burning questions of the day than the ardent young deputies so eager to have done with everything connected with the old régime and start fresh.

After we had inspected the palace we walked about the gardens, which were charming that bright October morning,—the sun really too strong. We found a bench in the shade, and sat there very happy, W. smoking and wondering what the next turn of the wheel would bring us. A great many people were walking about and sitting under the trees. It was quite a different public from what one saw anywhere else, many students of both sexes carrying books, small easels, and camp-stools,—some of the men such evident Bohemians, with long hair, sweeping moustache, and soft felt hat,—quite the type one sees in the pictures or plays of "La Vie de Bohème." Their girl companions looked very trim and neat, dressed generally in black, their clothes fitting extremely well —most of them bareheaded, but some had hats of the simplest description—none of the flaunting feathers and bright flowers one sees on the boulevards. They are a type apart, the modern grisettes, so quiet and well-behaved as to be almost respectable. One always hears that the Quartier Latin doesn't exist any more—the students are more serious, less turbulent, and that the hard-working little grisette, quite content with her simple life and pleasure, has degenerated into the danseuse of the music-halls and barrière theatres. I don't think so. A certain class of young, impecunious students will always live in that quarter and will always amuse themselves, and they will also always find girls quite ready and happy to enjoy life a little while they are young enough to live in the present, and have no cares for the future. Children were playing about in the alleys and broad, open spaces, and climbing on the fountains when the keepers of the garden were not anywhere near—their nurses sitting in a sunny corner with their work. It was quite another world, neither the Champs-Elysées nor Montmartre. All looked perfectly respectable, and the couples sitting on out-of-the-way benches, in most affectionate attitudes, were too much taken up with each other to heed the passer-by.

I went back there several times afterward, taking Francis with me, and it was curious how out of the world one felt. Paris, our Paris, might have been miles away. I learned to know some of the habitués quite well—a white-haired old gentleman who always brought bread for the birds; they knew him perfectly and would flutter down to the Square as soon as he appeared—a handsome young man with a tragic face, always alone, walking up and down muttering and talking to himself—he may have been an aspirant for the Odéon or some of the theatres in the neighbourhood—a lame man on crutches, a child walking beside him looking wistfully at the children playing about but not daring to leave her charge—groups of students hurrying through the gardens on their way to the Sorbonne, their black leather serviettes under their arms—couples always everywhere. I don't think there were many foreigners or tourists,—I never heard anything but French spoken. Even the most disreputable-looking old beggar at the gate who sold shoe-laces, learned to know us, and would run to open the door of the carriage.

With the contrariety of human nature, some people would say of feminine nature, now that I felt I was not going to live much longer on the rive gauche I was getting quite fond of it. Life was so quiet and restful in those long, narrow streets, some even with grass growing on the pavement—no trams, no omnibuses, very little passing, glimpses occasionally of big houses standing well back from the street, a good-sized courtyard in front and garden at the back—the classic Faubourg St. Germain hotel entre cour et jardin. I went to tea sometimes with a friend who lived in a big, old-fashioned house in the rue de Varenne. She lived on the fourth floor—one went up a broad, bare, cold stone staircase (which always reminded me of some of the staircases in the Roman palaces). Her rooms were large, very high ceilings, very little furniture in them, very little fire in winter, fine old family portraits on the walls, but from the windows one looked down on a lovely garden where the sun shone and the birds sang all day. It was just like being in the country, so extraordinarily quiet. A very respectable man servant in an old-fashioned brown livery, with a great many brass buttons, who looked as old as the house itself and as if he were part of it, always opened the door. Her husband was a literary man who made conférences at the Sorbonne and the Collège de France, and they lived entirely in that quarter—came very rarely to our part of Paris. He was an old friend of W.'s, and they came sometimes to dine with us. He deplored W.'s having gone to the Foreign Office—thought the Public Instruction was so much more to his tastes and habits. She had an English grandmother, knew English quite well, and read English reviews and papers. She had once seen Queen Victoria and was very interested in all that concerned her. Queen Victoria had a great prestige in France. People admired not only the wise sovereign who had weathered successfully so many changes, but the beautiful woman's life as wife and mother. She was always spoken of with the greatest respect, even by people who were not sympathetic to England as a nation.

Another of my haunts was the Convent and Maison de Santé of the Sœurs Augustines du Saint Cœur de Marie in the rue de la Santé. It was curious to turn out of the broad, busy, populous avenue, crowded with trams, omnibuses, and camions, into the narrow, quiet street, which seemed all stone walls and big doors. There was another hospital and a prison in the street, which naturally gave it rather a gloomy aspect, but once inside the courtyard of the Convent there was a complete transformation. One found one's self in a large, square, open court with arcades and buildings all around—the chapel just opposite the entrance. On one side of the court were the rooms for the patients, on the other nice rooms and small apartments which were let to invalids or old ladies, and which opened on a garden, really a park of thirteen or fourteen acres. The doors were always open, and one had a lovely view of green fields and trees. The moment you put your foot inside the court, you felt the atmosphere of peace and cheerfulness, though it was a hospital. The nuns all looked happy and smiling—they always do, and I always wonder why. Life in a cloister seems to me so narrow and monotonous and unsatisfying unless one has been bred in a convent and knows nothing of life but what the teachers tell.

I have a friend who always fills me with astonishment—a very clever, cultivated woman, no longer very young, married to a charming man, accustomed to life in its largest sense. She was utterly wretched when her husband died, but after a time she took up her life again and seemed to find interest and pleasure in the things they had done together. Suddenly she announced her intention of becoming a nun—sold her house and lovely garden, where she had spent so many happy hours with her flowers and her birds, distributed her pretty things among her friends, and accepted all the small trials of strict convent life—no bath, nor mirror, coarse underlinen and sheets—no fire, no lights, no privacy, the regular irksome routine of a nun's life, and is perfectly happy—never misses the intellectual companionship and the refinement and daintiness of her former life,—likes the commonplace routine of the convent—the books they read to each other in "recreation," simple stories one would hardly give to a child of twelve or fourteen,—the fêtes on the "mother's" birthday, when the nuns make a cake and put a wreath of roses on the mother's head.

The Sœurs Augustines are very happy in their lives, but they see a great deal more of the outside world. They always have patients in the hospital, and people in the apartments, which are much in demand. The care and attendance is very good. The ladies are very comfortable and have as many visitors as they like in the afternoon at stated hours, and the rooms are very tempting with white walls and furniture, and scrupulously clean. The cuisine is very good, everything very daintily served. All day one saw black-robed figures moving quietly across the court, carrying all kinds of invalid paraphernalia—cushions, rugs, cups of bouillon—but there was never any noise—no sound of talking or laughing. When they spoke, the voices were low, like people accustomed to a sick-room. No men were allowed in the Convent, except the doctors of course, and visitors at stated hours.

I spent many days there one spring, as C. was there for some weeks for a slight operation. She had a charming room and dressing-room, with windows giving on a garden or rather farmyard, for the sœurs had their cows and chickens. Sometimes in the evening we would see one of the sisters, her black skirt tucked up and a blue apron over it, bringing the cows back to their stables. No man could have a room in the house. F. wanted very much to be with his wife at night, as he was a busy man and away all day, and I tried to get a room for him, but the mother superior, a delightful old lady, wouldn't hear of it. However, the night before and the night after the operation, he was allowed to remain with her,—no extra bed was put in the room—he slept on the sofa.

Often when C. was sleeping or tired, I would take my book and establish myself in the garden. Paris might have been miles away, though only a few yards off there was a busy, crowded boulevard, but no noise seemed to penetrate the thick walls. Occasionally at the end of a quiet path I would see a black figure pacing backward and forward, with eyes fixed on a breviary. Once or twice a sœur jardinière with a big, flat straw hat over her coiffe and veil tending the flowers (there were not many) or weeding the lawn, sometimes convalescents or old ladies seated in armchairs under the trees, but there was never any sound of voices or of life. It was very reposeful (when one felt one could get away for a little while), but I think the absolute calm and monotony would pall upon one, and the "Call of the World"—the struggling, living, joyous world outside the walls—would be an irresistible temptation.

I walked about a good deal in my quarter in the morning, and made acquaintance with many funny little old squares and shops, merceries, flower and toy shops which had not yet been swallowed up by the enormous establishments like the Louvre, the Bon Marché, and the big bazaars. I don't know how they existed; there was never any one in the shops, and of course their choice was limited, but they were so grateful, their things were so much cheaper, and they were so anxious to get anything one wanted, that it was a pleasure to deal with them. Everything was much cheaper on that side—flowers, cakes, writing-paper, rents, servants' wages, stable equipment, horses' food. We bought some toys one year for one of our Christmas trees in the country from a poor old lame woman who had a tiny shop in one of the small streets running out of the rue du Bac. Her grandson, a boy of about twelve or fourteen, helped her in the shop, and they were so pleased and excited at having such a large order that they were quite bewildered. We did get what we wanted, but it took time and patience,—their stock was small and not varied. We had to choose piece by piece—horses, dolls, drums, etc.—and the writing down of the items and making up the additions was long and trying. I meant to go back after we left the Quai d'Orsay, but I never did, and I am afraid the poor old woman with her petit commerce shared the fate of all the others and could not hold out against the big shops.

One gets lazy about shopping. The first years we lived in the country we used to go ourselves to the big shops and bazaars in Paris for our Christmas shopping, but the heat and the crowd and the waiting were so tiring that we finally made arrangements with the woman who sold toys in the little town, La Ferté-Milon. She went to Paris and brought back specimens of all the new toys. We went into town one afternoon—all the toys were spread out on tables in her little parlour at the back of the shop (her little girl attending to the customers, who were consumed with curiosity as to why our carriage was waiting so long at the door) and we made our selection. She was a great help to us, as she knew all the children, their ages, and what they would like. She was very pleased to execute the commission—it made her of importance in the town, having the big boxes come down from Paris addressed to her, and she paid her journey and made a very good profit by charging two or three sous more on each article. We were quite willing to pay the few extra francs to be saved the fatigue of the long day's shopping in Paris. It also settled another difficult question—what to buy in a small country town. Once we had exhausted the butcher and the baker and the small groceries, there was not much to buy.

From the beginning of my life in the country, W. always wanted me to buy as much as possible in the town, and I was often puzzled. Now the shops in all the small country towns have improved. They have their things straight from Paris, with very good catalogues, so that one can order fairly well. The things are more expensive of course, but I think it is right to give what help one can to the people of the country. One cold winter at Bourneville, when we had our house full of people, there was a sudden call for blankets. I thought my "lingerie" was pretty well stocked, but one gentleman wanted four blankets on his bed, three over him and one under the sheet. A couple wanted the same, only one more, a blanket for a big armchair near the fire. I went in to La Ferté to see what I could find—no white blankets anywhere—some rather nice red ones—and plenty of the stiff (not at all warm) grey blankets they give to the soldiers. Those naturally were out of the question, but I took three or four red ones, which of course could not go in the guests' rooms, but were distributed on the beds of the family, their white ones going to the friends. After that experience I always had a reserve of blankets, but I was never asked for so many again. Living in the country, with people constantly staying in the house, gives one much insight into other people's way of living and what are the necessities of life for them. I thought our house was pretty well provided for. We were a large family party, and had all we wanted, but some of the demands were curious, varying of course with the nationalities.

The Chambers met in Paris at the end of November and took possession of their respective houses without the slightest disturbance of any kind. Up to the last moment some people were nervous and predicting all sorts of trouble and complications. We spent the Toussaint in the country with some friends, and their views of the future were so gloomy that it was almost contagious. One afternoon when we were all assembled in the drawing-room for tea, after a beautiful day's shooting, the conversation (generally retrospective) was so melancholy that I was rather impressed by it,—"The beginning of the end,—the culpable weakness of the Government and Moderate men, giving way entirely to the Radicals, an invitation to the Paris rabble to interfere with the sittings of the Chambers," and a variety of similar remarks.

It would have been funny if one hadn't felt that the speakers were really in earnest and anxious. However, nothing happened. The first few days there was a small, perfectly quiet, well-behaved crowd, also a very strong police force, at the Palais Bourbon, but I think more from curiosity and the novelty of seeing deputies again at the Palais Bourbon than from any other reason. If it were quiet outside, one couldn't say the same of the inside of the Chamber. The fight began hotly at once. Speeches and interpellations and attacks on the Government were the order of the day. The different members of the cabinet made statements explaining their policy, but apparently they had satisfied nobody on either side, and it was evident that the Chamber was not only dissatisfied but actively hostile.

W. and his friends were very discouraged and disgusted. They had gone as far as they could in the way of concessions. W., at any rate, would do no more, and it was evident that the Chamber would seize the first pretext to overthrow the ministry. W. saw Grévy very often. He was opposed to any change, didn't want W. to go, said his presence at the Foreign Office gave confidence to Europe,—he might perhaps remain at the Foreign Office and resign as Premier, but that, naturally, he wouldn't do. He was really sick of the whole thing.

Grévy was a thorough Republican but an old-fashioned Republican,—not in the least enthusiastic, rather sceptical—didn't at all see the ideal Republic dreamed of by the younger men—where all men were alike—and nothing but honesty and true patriotism were the ruling motives. I don't know if he went as far as a well-known diplomatist, Prince Metternich, I think, who said he was so tired of the word fraternité that if he had a brother he would call him "cousin." Grévy was certainly very unwilling to see things pass into the hands of the more advanced Left. I don't think he could have done anything—they say no constitutional President (or King either) can.

There was a great rivalry between him and Gambetta. Both men had such a strong position in the Republican party that it was a pity they couldn't understand each other. I suppose they were too unlike—Gambetta lived in an atmosphere of flattery and adulation. His head might well have been turned—all his familiars were at his feet, hanging upon his words, putting him on a pinnacle as a splendid patriot. Grévy's entourage was much calmer, recognising his great ability and his keen legal mind, not so enthusiastic but always wanting to have his opinion, and relying a good deal upon his judgment. There were of course all sorts of meetings and conversations at our house, with Léon Say, Jules Ferry, Casimir Périer, and others. St. Vallier came on from Berlin, where he was still ambassador. He was very anxious about the state of affairs in France—said Bismarck was very worried at the great step the

Radicals had made in the new Parliament—was afraid the Moderate men would have no show. *I* believe he was pleased and hoped that a succession of incapable ministries and internal quarrels would weaken France still more—and prevent her from taking her place again as a great power. He wasn't a generous victor.

As long as W. was at the Foreign Office things went very smoothly. He and St. Vallier thought alike on most subjects, home politics and foreign—and since the Berlin Congress, where W. had come in touch with all the principal men in Germany, it was of course much easier for them to work together. We dined generally with my mother on Sunday night—particularly at this time of the year, when the official banquets had not begun and our Sundays were free. The evenings were always interesting, as we saw so many people, English and Americans always, and in fact all nationalities. We had lived abroad so much that we knew people all over the world,—it was a change from the eternal politics and "shop" talk we heard everywhere else. Some of them, English particularly (I don't think the Americans cared much about foreign politics), were most interested and curious over what was going on, and the probable fall of the cabinet. An English lady said to me:

"How dreadful it will be for you when your husband is no longer minister; your life will be so dull and you will be of so much less importance." The last part of the sentence was undoubtedly true—any functionary's wife has a certain importance in France, and when your husband has been Foreign Minister and Premier, you fall from a certain height, but I couldn't accept the first part, that my life would be necessarily dull because I was no longer what one of my friends said in Italy, speaking of a minister's wife, a donna publica. I began to explain that I really had some interest in life outside of politics, but she was so convinced of the truth of her observation that it was quite useless to pursue the conversation, and I naturally didn't care. Another one, an American this time, said to me: "I hope you don't mind my never having been to see you since you were married, but I never could remember your name; I only knew it began with W. and one sees it very often in the papers."

Arthur Sullivan, the English composer, was there one night. He had come over to Paris to hear one of his symphonies played at the Conservatoire, and was very much pleased with the way it had been received by that very critical audience. He was quite surprised to find the Parisians so enthusiastic—had always heard the Paris Salle was so cold.

Miss Kellogg, the American prima donna, was there too that evening, and we made a great deal of music, she singing and Sullivan accompanying by heart. Mrs. Freeman, wife of one of the English secretaries, told W. that Queen Victoria had so enjoyed her talk with him—"quite as if I were talking with one of my own ministers." She had found Grévy rather stiff and reserved—said their conversation was absolutely banal. They spoke in French, and as Grévy knew nothing of England or the English, the interview couldn't have been interesting.

We saw a great many people that last month, dined with all our colleagues of the diplomatic corps. They were already dîners d'adieux, as every day in the papers the fall of the ministry was announced, and the names of the new ministers published. I think the diplomatists were sorry to see W. go, but of course they couldn't feel very strongly on the subject. Their business is to be on good terms with all the foreign ministers, and to get as much as they can out of them. They are, with rare exceptions, birds of passage, and don't trouble themselves much about changing cabinets. However, they were all very civil, not too diffuse, and one had the impression that they would be just as civil to our successor and to his successor. It must be so; there is no profession so absolutely banal as diplomacy. All diplomatists, from the ambassador to the youngest secretary, must follow their instructions, and if by any chance an ambassador does take any initiative, profiting by being on the spot, and knowing the character of the people, he is promptly disowned by his chief.

I had grown very philosophical, was quite ready to go or to stay, didn't mind the fight any more nor the attacks on W., which were not very vicious, but so absurd that no one who knew him could attach the least importance to them. He didn't care a pin. He had always been a Protestant, with an English name, educated in England, so the reiteration of these facts, very much exaggerated and leading up to the conclusion that on account of his birth and education he couldn't be a convinced French Republican, didn't affect him very much. He had always promised me a winter in Italy when he left office. He had never been in Rome, and I was delighted at the prospect of seeing that lovely land again, all blue sky and bright sun and smiling faces.

We dined often with M. L., W.'s uncle, who kept us au courant of all (and it was little) that was going on in the Royalist camp, but that was not of importance. The advanced Republicans were having it all their own way, and it was evident that the days of conciliatory measures and moderate men were over. W. was not a club man, went very rarely to his club, but his uncle went every afternoon before dinner, and gave us all the potins (gossip) of that world, very hostile to the Republic, and still quite believing that their turn would come. His uncle was not of that opinion. He was a very clever man, a diplomatist who had lived in a great many places and known a great many people, and was entirely on the Royalist side, but he thought their cause was a lost one, at least for a time. He often asked some of his friends to meet us at dinner, said it was a good thing for W. to hear what men on the other side thought, and W. was quite pleased to meet them. They were all absolutely opposed to him in politics, and discussion sometimes ran high, but there was never anything personal—all were men of the world, had seen many changes in France in their lives; many had played a part in politics under the former régimes. It seemed to me that they underrated the intelligence and the strength of the Republican party.

One of the regular habitués was the Marquis de N., a charming man, fairly broad-minded (given the atmosphere he lived in) and sceptical to the highest degree. He was a great friend of Marshal MacMahon, and had been préfet at Pau, where he had a great position. He was very dictatorial, very outspoken, but was a great favourite, particularly with the English colony, which is large there in the hunting-season. He had accepted to dine one night with an English family, who lived in a villa a little out of town. They had an accident en route, which delayed them very much, and when he and the marquise arrived the party was at table. He instantly had his carriage called back and left the house in spite of all the explanations and apologies of his host, saying that when "one had the honour of receiving the Marquis de N. one waited dinner for him."

We saw always a great deal of him, as his daughter married the Comte de F., who was for some time in W.'s cabinet at the Quai d'Orsay, and afterward with us the ten years we were at the London Embassy, where they were quite part of the family. They were both perfectly fitted for diplomatic life, particularly in England. Both spoke English well, knew everybody, and remembered all the faces and all the names, no easy thing in England, where the names and titles change so often. I know several Englishwomen who have had four different names. Lady Holland was also a friend of "Oncle Alphonse" and dined there often. She was delicate-looking, rather quiet in general conversation, though she spoke French easily, but was interesting when she was talking to one or two people. We went often to her beautiful house in London, the first years we were at the embassy, and always met interesting people. Her salon was very cosmopolitan—every one who came to London wanted to go to Holland House, which was a museum filled with beautiful things.

Another lady who was often at my uncle's was quite a different type, Mademoiselle A., an old pupil of the Conservatoire, who had made a short career at the Comédie Française many years before. She was really charming, and her stories of the coulisses and the jalousies between the authors and the actors, particularly the stars (who hardly accepted the slightest observation from the writer of the play), were most amusing. Once the piece was accepted it passed into the domain of the theatre, and the actors felt at liberty to interpret the rôles according to their ideas and traditions. She had a perfect diction; it was a delight to hear her. She recited one night one of Alphonse Daudet's little contes, "Lettres de Mon Moulin," I think, beginning—"Qui n'a pas vu Avignon du temps des Papes n'a rien vu." One couldn't hear anything more charming, in a perfectly trained voice, and so easily and naturally said.

I suppose no one would listen to it in these days. Bridge has suppressed all conversation or music or artistic enjoyment of any kind. It must come to an end some day like all crazes, but at the present moment it has destroyed society. It has been a godsend to many people of no particular importance or position who have used it as a stepping-stone to get into society. If people play a good game of bridge, they are welcome guests in a great many houses which formerly would have been closed to them, and it is a great resource to ladies no longer very young, widows and spinsters, who find their days long and don't know what to do with their lives.

Notwithstanding his preoccupations, W. managed to get a few days' shooting in November. He shot several times at Rambouillet with Grévy, who was an excellent shot, and his shooting breakfasts were very pleasant. There was plenty of game, everything very well organised, and the company agreeable. He always asked the ministers, ambassadors, and many of the leading political men and very often some of his old friends, lawyers and men of various professions whom W. was delighted to meet. Their ideas didn't run in grooves like most of the men he lived with, and it was a pleasure to hear talk that wasn't political nor personal. The vicious attacks upon persons were so trying those first days of the Republic. Every man who was a little more prominent than his neighbour seemed a target for every kind of insinuation and criticism.

We went for two days to "Pout," Casimir Périer's fine place in the département de l'Aube, where we had capital shooting. It was already extremely cold for the season—the big pond in the court was frozen hard, and the wind whistled about our ears when we drove in an open carriage to join the shooters at breakfast. Even I, who don't usually feel the cold, was thankful to be well wrapped up in furs. The Pavillon d'Hiver looked very inviting as we drove up—an immense fire was blazing in the chimney, another just outside, where the soup and ragout for the army of beaters were being prepared. We all had nice little foot-warmers under our chairs, and were as comfortable as possible. It was too warm in fact when the shooters came in and we sat down to breakfast. We were obliged to open the door. The talk was entirely "shop" at breakfast, every man telling what he had killed, or missed, and the minute they had finished breakfast, they started off again. We followed one or two battues (pheasants), but it was really too cold, and we were glad to walk home to get warm.

The dinner and evening were pleasant—everybody talking—most of them criticising the Government freely. W. didn't mind, they were all friends. He defended himself sometimes, merely asking what they would have done in his place—he was quite ready to receive any suggestions—but nothing practical ever came out of the discussions. I think the most delightful political position in the world must be "leader of the opposition"—you have no responsibilities, can concentrate all your energies in pointing out the weak spots in your adversary's armour, and have always your work cut out for you, for as soon as one ministry falls, you can set to work to demolish its successor, which seems the most interesting occupation possible.

The great question which was disturbing the Chambers and the country was the general amnesty. That, of course, W. would never agree to. There might be exceptions. Some of the men who took part in the Commune were so young, little more than lads, carried away by the example of their elders and the excitement of the moment, and there were fiery patriotic articles in almost all the Republican papers inviting France to make the beau geste of la mère patrie and open her arms to her misguided children, and various sensible experienced men really thought it would be better to wipe out everything and start again with no dark memories to cast a shadow on the beginnings of the young Republic. How many brilliant, sanguine, impossible theories I heard advanced all those days, and how the few remaining members of the Centre Gauche tried to reason with the most liberal men of the Centre Droit and to persuade them frankly to face the fact that the country had sent a strong Republican majority to Parliament and to make the best of the fait accompli. I suppose it was asking too much of them to go back on the traditions of their lives, but after all they were Frenchmen, their country was just recovering from a terrible disaster, and had need of all her children. During the Franco-Prussian War all party feeling was forgotten. Every man was first a Frenchman in the face of a foreign foe, and if they could have stood firmly together in those first days after the war the strength of the country would have been wonderful. All Europe was astounded at the way in which France paid her milliards,—no one more so than Bismarck, who is supposed to have said that, if he could have dreamed that France could pay that enormous sum so quickly, he would have asked much more.

December was very cold, snow and ice everywhere, and very hard frosts, which didn't give way at all when the sun came out occasionally in the middle of the day. Everybody was skating, not only at the clubs of the Bois de Boulogne, but on the lakes, which happens very rarely, as the water is fairly deep. The Seine was full of large blocks of ice, which got jammed up against the bridges and made a jarring ugly sound as they knocked against each other. The river steamers had stopped running, and there were crowds of flaneurs loitering on the quais and bridges wondering if the cold would last long enough for the river to be quite frozen over.

W. and I went two or three times to the Cercle des Patineurs at the Bois de Boulogne, and had a good skate. The women didn't skate as well then as they do now, but they looked very pretty in their costumes of velvet and sables. It was funny to see them stumbling over the ice with a man supporting them on each side. However, they enjoyed it very much. It was beautiful winter weather, very cold but no wind, and it was very good exercise. All the world was there, and the afternoons passed quickly enough. I had not skated for years, having spent all my winters in Italy, but on the principle that you never forget anything that you know well, I thought I would try, and will say that the first half-hour was absolute suffering. It was in the old days when one still wore a strap over the instep, which naturally was drawn very tight. My feet were like lumps of ice, as heavy as lead, and I didn't seem able to lift them from the ground. I went back to the dressing-room to take my skates off for a few minutes, and when the blood began to circulate again, I could have cried with the pain. A friend of mine, a beginner, who was sitting near waiting to have her skates put on, was rather discouraged, and said to me: "You don't look as if you were enjoying yourself. I don't think I will try." "Oh yes you must,—'les commencements sont toujours difficiles,' and you will learn. I shall be all right as soon as I start again." She looked rather doubtful, but I saw her again later in the day, when I had forgotten all about my sufferings, and she was skating as easily as I did when I was a girl. I think one must learn young. After all, it is more or less a question of balance. When one is young one doesn't mind a fall.

W., who had retired to a corner to practise a little by himself, told me that one of his friends, Comte de Pourtalès, not at all of his way of thinking in politics, an Imperialist, was much pleased with a little jeu d'esprit he had made at his expense. W. caught the top of his skate in a crevice in the ice, and came down rather heavily in a sitting posture. Comte de Pourtalès, who was standing near on the bank, saw the fall and called out instantly, "Est-ce possible que je voie le Président du Conseil par terre?" (Is it possible that the President du Conseil has fallen?) The little joke was quite de bonne guerre and quite appropriate, as the cabinet was tottering and very near its fall. It amused W. quite as much as it did the bystanders.

The cold was increasing every day, the ground was frozen hard, the streets very slippery, and going very difficult. All our horses were rough shod, but even with that we made very slow progress. Some of the omnibuses were on runners, and one or two of the young men of the ministry had taken off the wheels of their light carriages and put them on runners, but one didn't see many real sleighs or sledges, as they call them here. I fancy "sleigh" is entirely an American expression. The Seine was at last completely taken, and the public was allowed on the ice, which was very thick. It was a very pretty, animated sight, many booths like those one sees on the Boulevard during the Christmas holidays were installed on the ice close to the banks, and the river was black with people. They couldn't skate much, as the ice was rough and there were too many people, but they ran and slid and shouted and enjoyed themselves immensely. I wanted to cross one day with my boy, that he might say he had crossed the Seine on foot, but W. was rather unwilling. However, the préfet de la Seine, whom he consulted, told him there was absolutely no danger—the ice was several inches thick, so I started off one afternoon, one of the secretaries going with me. He was much astonished and rather nervous at seeing me in my ordinary boots. He had nails in his, and one of our friends whom we met on the ice had woollen socks over his boots. They were sure I would slip and perhaps get a bad fall. "But no one could slip on that ice; it is quite rough, might almost be a ploughed field,"—but they were uncomfortable, and were very pleased when I landed safely on the other side and got into the carriage. Just in the middle the boys had swept a path on the ice to make a glissade. They were racing up and down in bands, and the constant passing had made it quite level and very slippery. We saw three or four unwary pedestrians get a fall, but if one kept on the outside near the bank there was no danger of slipping.

The extreme cold lasting so long brought many discomforts. Many trains with wood and provisions couldn't get to Paris. The railroads were all blocked and the Parisians were getting uneasy, fearing they might run short of food and fuel. We were very comfortable in the big rooms of the ministry. There were roaring fires everywhere, and two or three calorifères. The view from the windows on the Quai was charming as long as the great cold lasted, particularly at night, when the river was alive with people, lights and coloured lanterns, and music. Every now and then there would be a ronde or a farandole,—the farandole forcing its way through the crowd, every one carrying a lantern and looking like a brilliant snake winding in and out.

We had some people dining one night, and they couldn't keep away from the windows. Some of the young ones (English) wanted to go down and have a lark on the ice, but it wasn't possible. The crowd, though thoroughly good-humoured, merely bent on enjoying themselves, had degenerated into a rabble. One would have been obliged to have a strong escort of police, and besides in evening dress, even with fur cloaks and the fur and woollen boots every one wore over their thin shoes, one would certainly have risked getting a bad attack of pneumonia. One of our great friends, Sir Henry Hoare, was dining that night, but he didn't want to go down, preferred smoking his cigar in a warm room and talking politics to W. He had been a great deal in Paris, knew everybody, and was a member of the Jockey Club. He was much interested in French politics and au fond was very liberal, quite sympathised with W. and his friends and shared their opinions on most subjects, though as he said, "I don't air those opinions at the Jockey Club." He came often to our big receptions, liked to see all the people. He too used to tell me all that was said in his club about the Republic and the Government, but he was a shrewd observer, had been a long time an M. P. in England, and had come to the conclusion that the talk at the clubs was chiefly a "pose,"—they didn't really have many illusions about the restoration of the monarchy, couldn't have, when even the Duc de Broglie with his intelligence and following (the Faubourg St. Germain followed him blindly) could do nothing but make a constitutional Republic with Marshal MacMahon at its head.

It was always said too that the women were more uncompromising than the men. I went one afternoon to a concert at the Austrian Embassy, given in aid of some inundations, which had been a catastrophe for that country, hundreds of houses, and people and cattle swept away! The French public had responded most generously, as they always do, to the urgent appeal made by the ambassador in the name of the Emperor, and the Government had contributed largely to the fund. Count Beust the Austrian ambassador was obliged of course to invite the Government and Madame Grévy to the entertainment, as well as his friends of the Faubourg St. Germain. Neither Madame nor Mademoiselle Grévy came, but some of the ministers' wives did, and it was funny to see the ladies of society looking at the Republican ladies, as if they were denizens of a different planet, strange figures they were not accustomed to see. It is curious to think of all that now, when relations are much less strained. I remember not very long ago at a party at one of the embassies, seeing many of the society women having themselves presented to the wife of the then Minister of Foreign Affairs, with whom they certainly had nothing in common, neither birth, breeding, nor mode of life. I was talking to Casimir Périer (late President of the Republic) and it amused us very much to see the various introductions and the great empressement of the ladies, all of whom were asking to be presented to Madame R. "What can all those women want?" I asked him. He replied promptly, "Embassies for their husbands." It would have been better, I think, in a worldly point of view, if more embassies had been given to the bearers of some of the great names of France—but there were so many candidates for every description of function in France just then, from an ambassador to a gendarme, that anybody who had anything to give found himself in a difficult position.

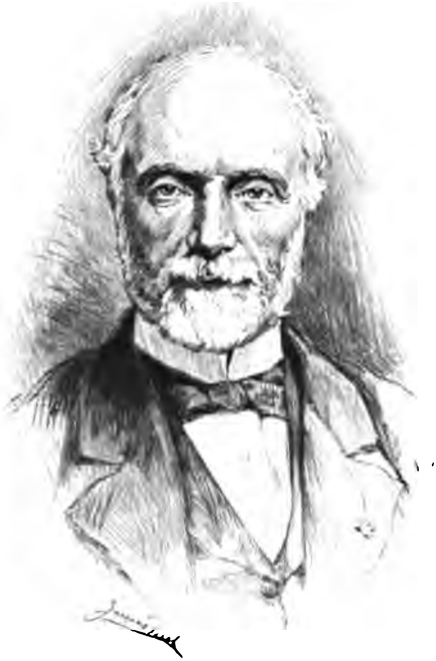
XI

LAST DAYS AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE

THE end of December was detestable. We were en pleine crise for ten days. Every day W. went to the Chamber of Deputies expecting to be beaten, and every evening came home discouraged and disgusted. The Chamber was making the position of the ministers perfectly untenable—all sorts of violent and useless propositions were discussed, and there was an undercurrent of jealousy and intrigue everywhere. One day, just before Christmas, about the 20th, W. and his chef de cabinet, Comte de P., started for the house, after breakfast—W. expecting to be beaten by a coalition vote of the extreme Left, Bonapartists and Legitimists. It was an insane policy on the part of the two last, as they knew perfectly well they wouldn't gain anything by upsetting the actual cabinet. They would only get another one much more advanced and more masterful. I suppose their idea was to have a succession of radical inefficient ministers, which in the end would disgust the country and make a "saviour," a prince (which one?) or general, possible. How wise their reasoning was time has shown! I wanted to go to the Chamber to hear the debate, but W. didn't want me. He would be obliged to speak, and said it would worry him if I were in the gallery listening to all the attacks made upon him. (It is rather curious that I never heard him speak in public, either in the house or in the country, where he often made political speeches, in election times.) He was so sure that the ministry would fall that we had already begun cleaning and making fires in our own house, so on that afternoon, as I didn't want to sit at home waiting for telegrams, I went up to the house with Henrietta. The caretaker had already told us that the stock of wood and coal was giving out, and she couldn't get any more in the quarter, and if she couldn't make fires the pipes would burst, which was a pleasant prospect with the thermometer at I don't remember how many degrees below zero. We found a fine cleaning going on—doors and windows open all over the house—and women scrubbing stairs, floors, and windows, rather under difficulties, with little fire and little water. It looked perfectly dreary and comfortless—not at all tempting. All the furniture was piled up in the middle of the rooms, and W.'s library was a curiosity. Books and pamphlets accumulated rapidly with us, W. was a member of many literary societies of all kinds all over the world, and packages and boxes of unopened books quite choked up the room. H. and I tried to arrange things a little, but it was hopeless that day, and, besides, the house was bitterly cold. It didn't feel as if a fire could make any impression.

As we could do nothing there, we went back to the ministry. No telegrams had come, but Kruft, our faithful and efficient chef du matériel, was waiting for me for last instructions about a Christmas tree. Some days before I had decided to have a Christmas tree, about the end of the month. W. then thought the ministry would last over the holidays, the trêve des confiseurs, and was quite willing I should have a Christmas party as a last entertainment. He had been too occupied the last days to think about any such trifles, and Kruft, not having had any contrary instructions, had ordered the presents and decorations. He was rather depressed, because W. had told him that morning that we surely would not be at the Quai d'Orsay on the 29th, the day we had chosen for our party. However, I reassured him, and told him we would have the Christmas tree all the same, only at my house instead of at the ministry. We went to look at his presents, which were all spread out on a big table in one of the drawing-rooms. He really was a wonderful man, never forgot anything, and had remembered that at the last tree, the year before, one or two nurses had had no presents, and several who had were not pleased with what was given to them. He had made a very good selection for those ladies,—lace scarfs and rabats and little tours de cou of fur,—really very pretty. I believe they were satisfied this time. The young men of the Chancery sent me up two telegrams: "rien de nouveau,"—"ministère debout."

W. came home late, very tired and much disgusted with politics in general and his party in particular. The cabinet still lived, but merely to give Grévy time to make another. W. had been to the Elysée and had a long conversation with Grévy. He found him very preoccupied, very unwilling to make a change, and he again urged W. very much to keep the Foreign Office, if Freycinet should succeed in making a ministry. That W. would not agree to—he was sick of the whole thing. He told Grévy he was quite right to send for Freycinet—if any man could save the situation he could. We had one or two friends, political men, to dinner, and they discussed the situation



M. de Freycinet.

After a photograph by M. Nadaz, Paris

from every point of view, always ending with the same conclusion, that W. was right to go. His policy wasn't the policy of the Chamber (I don't say of the country, for I think the country knew little and cared less about what was going on in Parliament), hardly the policy of all his own colleagues. There was really no use to continue worrying himself to death and doing no good. W. said his conversation with Grévy was interesting, but he was much more concerned with home politics and the sweeping changes the Republicans wanted to make in all the administrations than with foreign policy. He said Europe was quiet and France's first duty was to establish herself firmly, which would only be done by peace and prosperity at home. I told W. I had spent a very cold and uncomfortable hour at the house, and I was worried about the cold, thought I might, perhaps, send the boy to mother, but he had taken his precautions and arranged with the Minister of War to have a certain amount of wood delivered at the house. They always had reserves of wood at the various ministries. We had ours directly from our own woods in the country, and it was en route, but a flotilla of boats was frozen up in the Canal de l'Ourcq, and it might be weeks before the wood could be delivered.

We dined one night at the British Embassy, while all these pourparlers were going on, en petit comité, all English, Lord and Lady Reay, Lord Edmond Fitz-Maurice, and one or two members of Parliament whose names I have forgotten. Both Lord and Lady Reay were very keen about politics, knew France well, and were much interested in the phase she was passing through. Lord Lyons was charming, so friendly and sensible, said he wasn't surprised at W.'s wanting to go—still hoped this crisis would pass like so many others he had seen in France; that certainly W.'s presence at the Foreign Office during the last year had been a help to the Republic—said also he didn't believe his retirement would last very long. It was frightfully cold when we came out of the embassy—very few carriages out, all the coachmen wrapped up in mufflers and fur caps, and the Place de la Concorde a sea of ice so slippery I thought we should never get across and over the bridge. I went to the opera one night that week, got there in an entr'acte, when people were walking about and reading the papers. As I passed several groups of men, I heard W.'s name mentioned, also that of Léon Say and Freycinet, but just in passing by quickly I could not hear any comments. I fancy they were not favourable in that milieu. It was very cold in the house—almost all the women had their cloaks on—and the coming out was something awful, crossing that broad perron in the face of a biting wind.

I began my packing seriously this time, as W.'s mind was quite made up. He had thought the matter well over, and had a final talk with Freycinet, who would have liked to keep both W. and Léon Say, but it wasn't easy to manage the new element that Freycinet brought with him. The new members were much more advanced in their opinions. W. couldn't have worked with them, and they certainly didn't want to work with him. The autumn session came to a turbulent end on the 26th of December, and the next day the papers announced that the ministers had given their resignations to the President, who had accepted them and had charged M. de Freycinet to form a cabinet. We dined with mother on Christmas day, a family party, with the addition of Comte de P. and one or two stray Americans who were at hotels and were of course delighted not to dine on Christmas day at a table d'hôte or café. W. was rather tired; the constant talking and seeing so many people of all kinds was very fatiguing, for, as long as his resignation was not official, announced in the *Journal Officiel*, he was still Minister of Foreign Affairs. One of the last days, when they were hoping to come to an agreement, he was obliged to come home early to receive the mission from Morocco. I saw them arrive; they were a fine set of men, tall, powerfully built, their skin a red-brown, not black, entirely dressed in white from turbans to sandals. None of them spoke any French—all the conversation took place through an interpreter. Notwithstanding our worries, we had a very pleasant evening and W. was very cheerful—looking forward to our Italian trip with quite as much pleasure as I did.

W. made over the ministry to Freycinet on Monday, the 28th, the transmission des pouvoirs. Freycinet was very nice and friendly, regretted that he and W. were no longer colleagues. He thought his ministry was strong and was confident he would manage the Chamber. W. told him he could settle himself as soon as he liked at the Quai d'Orsay, as we should go at once, and would sleep at our house on Wednesday night. Freycinet said Madame de Freycinet (whom I knew well and liked very much) would come and see me on Wednesday, and would like to go over the house with me. I was rather taken aback when W. told me we must sleep in our own house on Wednesday night. The actual packing was not very troublesome, as I had not brought many of my own things from the rue Dumont d'Urville. There was scarcely a van-load of small furniture and boxes, but the getting together of all the small things was a bore,—books, bibelots, music, cards, and notes (these in quantities, lettres de condoléance, which had to be carefully sorted as they had all to be answered). The hotel of the Quai d'Orsay was crowded with people those last two days, all W.'s friends coming to express their regrets at his departure, some very sincerely sorry to see him go, as his name and character certainly inspired confidence abroad—and some delighted that he was no longer a member of such an advanced cabinet—(some said "de cet infect gouvernement"), where he was obliged by his mere presence to sanction many things he didn't approve of. He and Freycinet had a long talk on Wednesday, as W. naturally wanted to be sure that some provision would be made for his chef de cabinet and secretaries. Each incoming minister brings his own staff with him. Freycinet offered W. the London Embassy, but he wouldn't take it, had had enough of public life for the present. I didn't want it either, I had never lived much in England, had not many friends there, and was counting the days until we could get off to Rome.

There was one funny result of W. having declined the London Embassy. Admiral Pothnau, whom W. had named there, and who was very much liked, came to see him one day and made a great scene because Freycinet had offered him the London Embassy. W. said he didn't understand why he made a scene, as he had refused it. "But it should never have been offered to you over my head." "Perhaps, but that is not my fault. I didn't ask for it—and don't want it. If you think you have been treated badly, you should speak to Freycinet." However, the admiral was very much put out, and was very cool with us both for a long time. I suppose his idea was that being recalled would mean that he had not done well in London, which was quite a mistake, as he was very much liked there.

We dined alone that last night at the ministry, and sat some time in the window, looking at the crowds of people amusing themselves on the Seine, and wondering if we should ever see the Quai d'Orsay again. After all, we had had two very happy interesting years there—and memories that would last a lifetime. Some of the last experiences of the month of December had been rather disillusioning, but I suppose one must not bring any sentiment into politics. In the world it is always a case of donnant—donnant—and—when one is no longer in a position to give a great deal—people naturally turn to the rising man. Comte de P., chef de cabinet, came in late as usual, to have a last talk. He too had been busy, as he had a small apartment and stables in the hotel of the ministry, and was also very anxious to get away. He told us all the young men of the cabinet were very sorry to see W. go—at first they had found him a little cold and reserved—but a two years' experience had shown them that, if he were not expansive, he was perfectly just, and always did what he said he would.

The next day Madame de Freycinet came to see me, and we went over the house. She didn't care about the living-rooms, as they never lived at the Quai d'Orsay, remained in their own hotel near the Bois de Boulogne. Freycinet came every day to the ministry, and she merely on reception days—or when there was a party. Just as she was going, Madame de Zuylen, wife of the Dutch minister, a great friend of mine, came in. She told me she had great difficulty in getting up, as I had forbidden my door, but my faithful Gérard (I think I missed him as much as anything else at first) knowing we were friends, thought Madame would like to see her. She paid me quite a long visit,—I even gave her some tea off government plate and china,—all mine had been already sent to my own house. We sat talking for some time. She had heard that W. had refused the London Embassy, was afraid it was a mistake, and that the winter in Paris would be a difficult one for him —he would certainly be in opposition to the Government on all sorts of questions—and if he remained in Paris he would naturally go to the Senate and vote. I quite agreed that he couldn't suddenly detach himself from all political discussions—must take part in them and must vote. The policy of abstention has always seemed to me the weakest possible line in politics. If a man, for some reason or another, hasn't the courage of his opinions, he mustn't take any position where that opinion would carry weight. I told her we were going to Italy as soon as we could get off after the holidays.

While we were talking, a message came up to say that the young men of the cabinet were all coming up to say good-bye to me. I had seen the directors earlier in the day, so Madame de Zuylen took her leave, promising to come to my Christmas tree in the rue Dumont d'Urville. The young men seemed sorry to say good-bye—I was, too. I had seen a great deal of them and always found them ready and anxious to help me in every way. The Comte de Lasteyrie, who was a great friend of ours as well as a secretary, went about a great deal with us. W. called upon him very often for all sorts of things, knowing he could trust him absolutely. He told one of my friends that one of his principal functions was to accompany Madame Waddington to all the charity sales, carrying a package of women's chemises under his arm. It was quite true that I often bought "poor clothes" at the sales. The objects exposed in the way of screens, pincushions, table-covers, and, in the spring, hats made by some of the ladies, were so appalling that I was glad to have poor clothes to fall back upon, but I don't remember his ever carrying my purchases home with me.

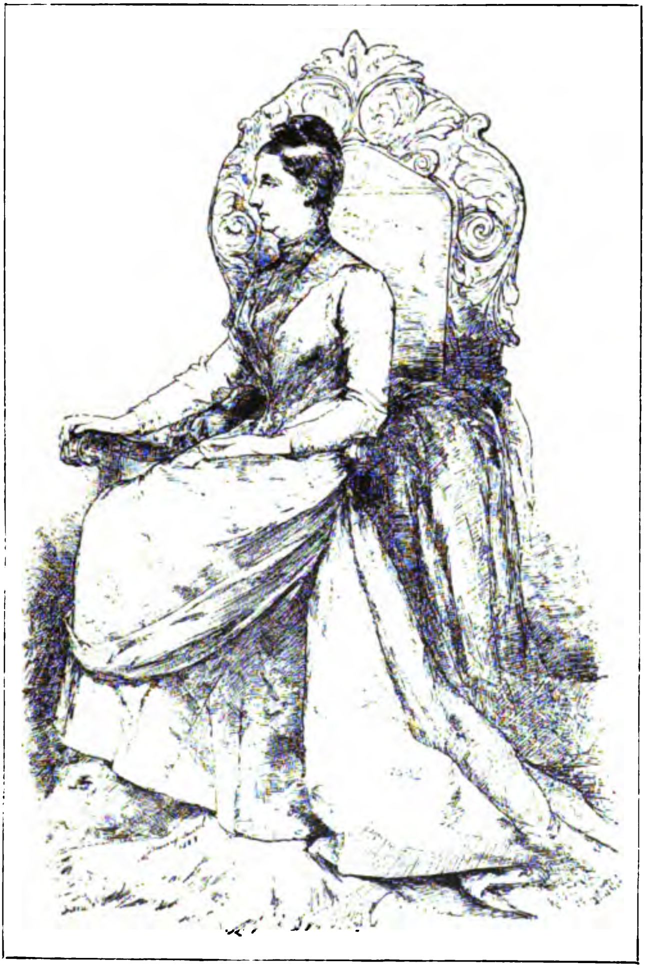
They were much amused when suddenly Francis burst into the room, having escaped a moment from his Nonnon, who was busy with her last packing, his little face flushed and quivering with anger because his toys had been packed and he was to be taken away from the big house. He kicked and screamed like a little mad thing, until his nurse came to the rescue. I made a last turn in the rooms to see that all trace of my occupation had vanished. Francis, half pacified, was seated on the billiard-table, an old grey-haired huissier, who was always on duty up-stairs, taking care of him. The huissiers and house servants were all assembled in the hall, and the old Pierson, who had been there for years, was the spokesman, and hoped respectfully that Madame "would soon come back. . . ." W. didn't come with us, as he still had people to see and only got home in time for a late dinner.

We dined that night and for many nights afterward with our uncle Lutteroth (who had a charming hotel filled with pictures and bibelots and pretty things) just across the street, as it was some little time before our kitchen and household got into working order again. The first few days were, of course, very tiring and uncomfortable—the house seemed so small after the big rooms at the Quai d'Orsay. I didn't attempt to do anything with the salons, as we were going away so soon—carpets and curtains had to be arranged to keep the cold out, but the big boxes remained in the carriage house—not unpacked. We had a procession of visitors all day—and tried to make W.'s library possible—comfortable it wasn't, as there were packages of books and papers and boxes everywhere.

I had a good many visits and flowers on New Year's day—which was an agreeable surprise—Lord Lyons, Orloff, the Sibberns, Comte de Ségur,

M. Alfred André, and others. André, an old friend of W.'s, a very conservative Protestant banker, was very blue about affairs. André was the type of the modern French Protestant. They are almost a separate class in France—are very earnest, religious, honourable, narrow-minded people. They give a great deal in charity and good works of all kinds. In Paris the Protestant coterie is very rich. They associate with all the Catholics, as many of them entertain a great deal, but they live among themselves and never intermarry. I hardly know a case where a French Protestant has married a Catholic. I suppose it is a remnant of their old Huguenot blood, and the memories of all their forefathers suffered for their religion, which makes them so intolerant. The ambassadors had paid their usual official visit to the Elysée—said Grévy was very smiling and amiable, didn't seem at all preoccupied. We had a family dinner at my uncle's on New Year's night, and all the family with wonderful unanimity said the best wish they could make for W. was that 1880 would see him out of politics and leading an independent if less interesting life.

An interesting life it certainly was, hearing so many questions discussed, seeing all sorts of people of all nationalities and living as it were behind the scenes. The Chamber of Deputies in itself was a study, with its astounding changes of opinion, with no apparent cause. One never knew in the morning what the afternoon's session would bring, for as soon as the Republican party felt themselves firmly established, they began to quarrel among themselves. I went back to the ministry one afternoon to pay a formal visit to Madame de Freycinet on her reception day. I had rather put it off, thinking that the sight of the well-known rooms and faces would be disagreeable to me and make me regret, perhaps, the past, but I felt already that all that old life was over—one adapts one's self so quickly to different surroundings. It did seem funny to be announced by my own special huissier, Gérard, and to find myself sitting in the green drawing-room with all the palms and flowers arranged just as they always were for me, and a semicircle of diplomats saying exactly the same things to Madame de Freycinet that they had said to me a few days before, but I fancy that always happens in these days of democracy and equalising education, and that under certain circumstances, we all say and do exactly the same thing. I had quite a talk with Sibbern, the Swedish minister, who was very friendly and sympathetic, not only at our leaving the Foreign Office, but at the extreme dis-



Mme. Sadi Carnot.

From a drawing by Mlle. Amélie Beaury-Saurel.

comfort of moving in such frightfully cold weather. He was wrapped in furs, as if he were going to the North Pole. However, I assured him we were quite warm and comfortable, gradually settling down into our old ways, and I was already looking back on my two years at the Quai d'Orsay as an agreeable episode in my life. I had quite a talk too with the Portuguese minister, Mendes Leal. He was an interesting man, a poet and a dreamer, saw more, I fancy, of the literary world of Paris than the political. Blowitz was there, of course —was always everywhere in moments of crisis, talking a great deal, and letting it be understood that he had pulled a great many wires all those last weeks. He too regretted that W. had not taken the London Embassy, assured me that it would have been a very agreeable appointment in England—was surprised that I hadn't urged it. I replied that I had not been consulted. Many people asked when they could come and see me—would I take up my reception day again? That wasn't worth while, as I was going away so soon, but I said I would be there every day at five o'clock, and always had visits.

One day Madame Sadi Carnot sat a long time with me. Her husband had been named under-secretary at the Ministry of Public Works in the new cabinet, and she was very pleased. She was a very charming, intelligent, cultivated woman—read a great deal, was very keen about politics and very ambitious (as every clever woman should be) for her husband and sons. I think she was a great help socially to her husband when he became President of the Republic. He was a grave, reserved man, didn't care very much for society. I saw her very often and always found her most attractive. At the Elysée she was amiable and courteous to everybody and her slight deafness didn't seem to worry her nor make conversation difficult. She did such a charming womanly thing just after her husband's assassination. He lay in state for some days at the Elysée, and M. Casimir Périer, his successor, went to make her a visit. As he was leaving he said his wife would come the next day to see Madame Carnot. She instantly answered, "Pray do not let her come; she is young, beginning her life here at the Elysée. I wouldn't for worlds that she should have the impression of sadness and gloom that must hang over the palace as long as the President is lying there. I should like her to come to the Elysée only when all traces of this tragedy have gone—and to have no sad associations—on the contrary, with the prospect of a long happy future before her."

Photograph, copyright by Pierre Petit, Paris.

President Sadi Carnot.

W. went the two or three Fridays we were in Paris to the Institute, where he was most warmly received by his colleagues, who had much regretted his enforced absences the years he was at the Foreign Office. He told them he was going to Rome, where he hoped still to find some treasures in the shape of inscriptions inédites, with the help of his friend Lanciani. The days passed quickly enough until we started. It was not altogether a rest, as there were always so many people at the house, and W. wanted to put order into his papers before he left. Freycinet made various changes at the Quai d'Orsay. M. Desprey, Directeur de la Politique (a post he had occupied for years) was named ambassador to Rome in the place of the Marquis de Gabriac. I don't think he was very anxious to go. His career had been made almost entirely at the Foreign Office, and he was much more at home in his cabinet, with all his papers and books about him, than he would be abroad among strangers. He came to dinner one night, and we talked the thing over. W. thought the rest and change would do him good. He was named to the Vatican, where necessarily there was much less to do in the way of social life than at the Quirinal. He was perfectly au courant of all the questions between the Vatican and the

French clergy—his son, secretary of embassy, would go with him. It seemed rather a pleasant prospect.

W. went once or twice to the Senate, as the houses met on the 12th or 14th of January, but there was nothing very interesting those first days. The Chamber was taking breath after the holidays and the last ministerial crisis, and giving the new ministry a chance. I think Freycinet had his hands full, but he was quite equal to the task. I went late one afternoon to the Elysée. I had written to Madame Grévy to ask if she would receive me before I left for Italy. When I arrived, the one footman at the door told me Madame Grévy was un peu souffrante, would see me upstairs. I went up a side staircase, rather dark, preceded by the footman, who ushered me into Madame Grévy's bedroom. It looked perfectly uncomfortable—was large, with very high ceilings, stiff gilt furniture standing against the wall, and the heat something awful,—a blazing fire in the chimney. Madame Grévy was sitting in an armchair, near the fire, a grey shawl on her shoulders and a lace fichu on her head. It was curiously unlike the bedroom I had just left. I had been to see a friend, who was also souffrante. She was lying under a lace coverlet lined with pink silk, lace, and embroidered cushions all around her, flowers, pink lamp-shades, silver flacons, everything most luxurious and modern. The contrast was striking. Madame Grévy was very civil, and talkative,—said she was very tired. The big dinners and late hours she found very fatiguing. She quite understood that I was glad to get away, but didn't think it was very prudent to travel in such bitterly cold weather—and Rome was very far, and wasn't I afraid of fever? I told her I was an old Roman—had lived there for years, knew the climate well, and didn't think it was worse than any other. She said the President had had a visit from W. and a very long talk with him, and that he regretted his departure very much, but that he didn't think "Monsieur Waddington was au fond de son sac." Grévy was always a good friend to W.—on one or two occasions, when there was a sort of cabal against him, Grévy took his part very warmly—and in all questions of home policy and persons W. found him a very keen, shrewd observer—though he said very little—rarely expressed an opinion. I didn't make a very long visit—found my way down-stairs as well as I could—no servant was visible either on the stairs or in the hall, and my own footman opened the big doors and let me out.

We got off the first days of February—as, up to the last moment, W. had people to see. We went for two or three days to Bourneville—I had one or two very cold tramps in the woods (very dry) which is quite unusual at this time of the year, but the earth was frozen hard. Inside the woods we were well sheltered, but when we came out on the plain the cold and icy wind was awful. The workmen had made fires to burn the roots and rotten wood, and we were very glad to stop and warm ourselves. Some had their children with them, who looked half perished with cold, always insufficiently clad, but they were quite happy roasting potatoes in the ashes. I was so cold that I tied a woollen scarf around my head, just as the women in Canada do when they go sleighing or skating.

We had a breakfast one day for some of W.'s influential men in the country, who were much disgusted at the turn affairs had taken and that W. could no longer remain minister, but they were very fairly au courant of all that was going on in Parliament, and quite understood that for the moment the moderate, experienced men had no chance. The young Republic must have its fling. Has the country learned much or gained much in its forty years of Republic?

INDEX

INDEX

Adams, Sir Francis, school friend of M. Waddington, 198–199.
Aisne, deputies and senators of Department of the, 60.
Alexander of Battenberg, Prince, 199–200.
Alexander of Russia, Grand Duke (Emperor Alexander III), interview with, 201–202.
Alexandra, Queen, 170, 202.
Ambassadors, treatment of, in Russia, 204.
Americans, violation of rules of court etiquette by, 160; good-natured tolerance of, in European circles, 160–161; Lord Lyons's opinion of women of, 185.
Andrassy, Count, at Berlin Congress, 142; personality of, 152.
André, Alfred, 263.
Annamites as dinner guests, 100, 101–102.
Aosta, Duc d', in Paris at opening of exposition, 109, 110; author's impressions of, 110–111.
Arab horses presented to M. Waddington, 102.
Arco, Count, 7.
Arnim, Count, German ambassador in Paris, 6–7; succeeded by Prince Hohenlohe, 120.
Aumale, Duc d', president of Bazaine court-martial, 12–14; at ball at British embassy, 129.
Austria, description of Empress of, when in Paris, 123; stiffness of court etiquette in, 160.

Baden, Grand Duchess of, M. Waddington's meeting with, 154.
Bazaine, Marshal, court-martial of, 11–14.
Beaconsfield, Lord, at Berlin Congress, 142, 143, 149.
Bear as a pet at German embassy, 121–122.
Begging letters received by persons in public life, 37.
Berlin Congress, the, 133 *ff.*; French plenipotentiaries named to the, 134; M. Waddington's account of doings at, 141–155.
Berlin Treaty, signing of, 152–153.
Bernhardt, Sarah, 34, 58.
Beust, Comte de, as a musician, 87–88.
Bismarck, Count Herbert, story of telegram from, 9–10; welcomes M. Waddington to Berlin, 141.
Bismarck, Countess Marie, 146.
Bismarck, Prince, account of, at Berlin Congress, 141–154; anxiety of, over French advance in radicalism, 210, 229–230; suspicions of sincerity of, in anxiety for France, 230; surprise of, over speedy payment of war indemnity by France, 241.
Bismarck, Princess, M. Waddington's account of, 146.
Blowitz, M. de, present during meeting of Berlin Congress, 149–150; M. Waddington's distrust of, 150; Prince Hohenlohe's high opinion of, 210–211; at Madame de Freycinet's, 265.
Borel, General, 75.
Bourneville, days at, 207–209; a winter house-party at, 226–227; a winter visit to, 270.
Breakfasts, political, 60.
Bridge, remarks on, 237.
Broglie, Duc de, cabinet of, 63; unpopularity of, 63–64; break-up of cabinet, 75.
Brown, John, retainer of Queen Victoria, 197.
Bunsen, George de, 148.
Bunsen family, 69, 142.

Canrobert, Marshal, 103.
Capel, Monsignor, 194.
Cardinals, incidents attending naming of, 191–196.
Carnot, M. Sadi, 266.
Carnot, Madame, 265–266.
Carvalho, Madame, 58.
Casimir Périer, dislike of, for office of president, 159; mentioned, 229; story of Madame Carnot and, 266.
Cataldi, Monsignor, 191–193.

INDEX

Catholics, views of, concerning Protestants, 205–207.
Chanzy, General, appointed ambassador to Russia, 203–204.
Châteaux in France, 94–96.
Children, interest of Frenchwomen in, 56–57; good treatment of, by French of all classes, 174.
Chinese ambassador, experience at dinner with, 114–118.
Cialdini, General, Italian ambassador in Paris, 119–120.
Clarence, Duke of, love affair of, with Catholic princess, 206–207.
Comédie Française, finished style of artists of the, 111.
Compiègne, a scene at, during the Empire, 24–25.
Conciergerie, Mr. Gladstone at the, 92; interest of American visitors in the, 93.
Conservatoire, Sunday afternoon concerts at the, 42–44; marriages made at the, 44; change effected in dress of chorus of the, 58; Monsignor Czascki at the, 87.
Convent of the Sœurs Augustines in the rue de la Santé, 219–223.
Corti, Italian plenipotentiary to Congress of Berlin, 143; feeling of, over establishment of Tunisian protectorate by France, 155.
Costumes, national, seen in Paris during exposition year, 123–124.
Country people, lack of interest of French, in form of government, 49; attitude of, in election of 1877, 71–72; enthusiasm of, aroused over Republic, 208.
Croizette, Théâtre Français artist, 34, 58.
Cyprus, cession of, to England, 150.
Czascki, Monsignor, papal nunzio, 87, 211.

Deauville, a vacation at, 157–162.
Décazes, Duc, appointed to Foreign Office, 35; advice on social etiquette from, 54–55; Duc de Broglie contrasted with, 64.
Denmark, Crown Prince of, in Paris during exposition, 112; at ball at British embassy, 129; at ball at the Quai d'Orsay, 170–171.
Desprey, Monseigneur, created a Cardinal, 194–195.
Desprey, M., a plenipotentiary of France at Berlin Congress, 134; quoted on treatment of ambassadors in Russia, 204; named ambassador to Rome, 267.
Diplomatists, antagonistic attitude of, toward the Republic, 187; anomalous and mistaken behaviour of, 187–188; superficiality of majority of, 232–233.
Dufaure, M., appointed Président du Conseil, 35; new cabinet formed by, 75–76.
Dufferin, Lord, 86.

Election of 1877, 71–75.
Elysée, ceremonies attending naming of Cardinals at, 193–196.
English, Monsignor, 192.
English visitors to Paris in 1879, 196–199.
Eugénie, Empress, at Compiègne, 25; description of, and reminiscences concerning, 131–132.
Exposition Universelle of 1878, 107–113, 162–163; closing of, 173–176; good moral effect of, 175.

Fan, an autographed, as souvenir of Berlin Congress, 152.
Farmers, usual indifference of French, to form of government, 49; enthusiasm of, over the Republic, 208.
Ferry, Jules, 180, 229.
Fitz-Maurice, Lord Edmond, 254.
France, astonishing rapidity of recovery of, after Franco-Prussian War, 240–241.
Frederick-Charles, Prince, 144–145.
French people, self-centred attitude of, 38–39, 47; conventions in dress of girls, 44; interest of women in their children, 56–57; lack of regard for, on part of Northern races, 91; defence of fine qualities of, 91–92; difficulties of interpreting conversation, 118; ~~cramped lives of middle-class women, 185;~~ religious question among, 205–207.
Freycinet, M. de, appointed Minister of Public Works, 76; ability displayed by, as a Republican statesman, 77–78; excellent qualities of, 210; succeeds M. Waddington as premier, 256; official changes made by, 267.
Freycinet, Madame de, 259; author's visit to, at Quai d'Orsay, 264–265.

Gambetta, Léon, manners and appearance of, 21–22; force of oratory of, in campaign of 1877, 74; mentioned, 76, 78, 210; appreciation by, of value of Tunisian protectorate, 156; comparison of Grévy and, 229.

INDEX

General amnesty, discussion of the, 202, 239–240.
Germans, want of tact characteristic of, 146; position of women among, 146–147; advance in comfort and elegance among, 153–154.
Germany, feeling in, over radicalism in France, 210, 229–230.
Gérôme, J. L., as a table companion, 52.
Gladstones, visits from the, 92.
Glynn, Admiral, school friend of M. Waddington, 198.
Gortschakoff, Prince, quoted on death of Thiers, 31; at Berlin Congress, 142, 143; a diplomatist of the old-fashioned type, 152.
Grand Opera in Paris, 33–34.
Grange, Château de la, home of Lafayette, 94.
Grant, President and Mrs., in Paris, 113–118.
Greek national dress, 124.
Grévy, election of, to presidency, 178–179; good figure cut by, in society, 181–182, 186; hats bestowed upon two Cardinals by, 193–195; disappointment of, in the Republic, 228–229; rivalry between Gambetta and, 229; Queen Victoria's meeting with, 232; feelings of regard for one another held by M. Waddington and, 269.
Grévy, Madame, 120–121; unknown to society upon husband's election to presidency, 181–182; first reception held by, 183–184; question of necessity of presence of, at the Elysée, 185–186; receptions held by, 190; author's last visit to, 268–269.
Grévy, Mademoiselle, at Prince Hohenlohe's reception, 189–190.

Halanzier, director of the Grand Opera, 34.
Hatzfeldt, Count, story of Liszt and, 89–91; personal charm of, 91.
Hélène d'Orléans, Princess, love affair of Duke of Clarence and, 206–207.
Hoare, Sir Henry, 246.
Hohenlohe, Prince, German ambassador to France, 120; pleasant manners of, 122; at Berlin Congress, 143, 149; reception given to President Grévy by, 189–190; reports by, concerning feeling in Germany over French radicalism, 209–210.
Hohenlohe, Princess, striking personality of, 120–121; at Madame Grévy's first reception, 184.
Holland, Lady, 236.
Holland House, London, 236.
Hôtel de Ville, ball at the, in 1878, 139–141.
Houghton, Lord, 86.
Humbert, King, 103–104.

Ignatieff, General, 87.
Isabella, Queen, at Marshal de MacMahon's reception, 109–110; description of, and account of audience given author by, 124–127; dinner given Marshal and Madame de MacMahon by, 127–128.
Italians, author's doubts concerning, 211.

Japanese, reported intelligence of, 92.
Jockey Club, Paris, political talk at the, 246.

Karolyi, at Berlin Congress, 143.
Kellogg, Clara Louise, with the Waddingtons, 232.
King, General Rufus, 191.
Kruft, chef du matériel at Quai d'Orsay, 80, 81, 82, 173, 251–252.

Lafayette, Marquis de, interest of American visitors in things relating to, 93–94.
Lasteyrie, Count de, 36, 261.
Layard, Sir Henry, 86–87.
Leo XIII, election of, 105.
Liszt, meetings with, and stories of, 88–91.
Longchamp, review of Paris garrison at, 8–9.
Lord Mayor of London at the Grand Opera, Paris, 33.
Louis Philippe, memories of, 14, 29.
Lutteroth, M., uncle of M. Waddington, 65, 262; information concerning Royalist circles from, 233–234; interesting friends of, 234–237.
Luxembourg, Palace of the, 213–215; gardens of the, 215–217.
Lyons, Lord, lesson in diplomatic politeness from, 99–101; ball given by, during exposition year, 128–130; at Madame Grévy's first reception, 184; memories of Washington ministry by, 185.

MacMahon, Fabrice de, 103.
MacMahon, Marshal de, President of French Republic, 4; at the Longchamp review, 9; receptions of, at Versailles, 25–26; attitude of, toward cabinet of 1876, 36; official

dinner given by, to diplomatic corps and the Government, 39–40; dismissal of cabinet by (May 16, 1877), 60–61; dislike of, for the Republic and the Republicans, 73; official receptions and dinners of, 85–86; Mrs. Grant and, 115–116; visits M. Waddington at Deauville, 158–159: dislike of, for office of president, 159; preference of, for his military title, 159; fête given by, at Versailles during exposition year, 163–166; resignation of, 177–178; delight at resumption of private life, 179.
MacMahon, Maréchale de, description of visit to, 36–37; visit to Madame Waddington from, upon dismissal of cabinet, 62–63; chilly attitude of, toward things Republican, 79.
Madeleine, service at the, for King Victor Emmanuel, 102–103.
Marguerite de Nemours, Princesse, author's visit to, 56.
Marquis, anecdotes of a dictatorial, 234–236.
Marriages, made at the Conservatoire or the Opéra Comique, 44; favourable criticism of arranged, 44–46.
Martin, Henri, senator of the Aisne, 60, 75.
Mathilde, Princesse, meeting with, 129–130; salon of, 130.
Mendes Leal, Portuguese minister, 265.
Molins, Marquise, Spanish ambassadress, 184.
Mollard, Introducteur des Ambassadeurs, 190, 193.
Mommsen, Theodor, 59, 148.
Morny, Duc de, a founder of Deauville, 157, 158; famous entertainments of, 191.
Morocco, mission from, 256.
Murat, Princess Anna (Duchesse de Mouchy), 25.

Napoleon III, Emperor, at Compiègne, 25.
Napoleon's tomb, interest of American visitors in, 93.
National Assembly, description of sittings of, 17–21.
New Year's day reception at the President's, 84.
Ney, Marshal, execution of, recalled, 93.
Nuns, the life of, 220–221.

Oliffe, Sir Joseph, a founder of Deauville, 157.
Opéra Comique, making of marriages at the, 44; artists of the, 57–58.
Opposition leader, joys of position of, 239.
Orléans, Duc d', at Countess de Ségur's salon, 29.
Orléans family, members of, at official reception given by the Waddingtons, 53, 57; members of, at Lord Lyons's ball, 128–129.
Orloff, Prince, Russian ambassador, 31, 87; attractive personality of, 119; at Prince Hohenlohe's reception to President Grévy, 190.

Paris, reasons against holding of Parliament in, 85; gaiety of, during exposition, 112–113, 162–163, 173–174; return of the Parliament to, 212–213.
Pedro de Bragance, Emperor of Brazil, 59.
Pie, Monsignor, created a Cardinal, 194–195.
Piémont, Prince and Princesse de, 54.
Pius IX, death of and funeral observances, 104–105.
Poles, author's lack of confidence in, 211.
Pontécoulant, Comte de, chef de cabinet under M. Waddington, 80, 81, 82, 139, 178, 181, 249, 259.
Pothnau, Admiral, appointed ambassador to Great Britain, 203; annoyance of, over offer of London embassy to M. Waddington, 258.
Protestants, views of, held by Catholics, 205–207; isolated position of the French, 263.

Quai d'Orsay, description of house of Foreign Minister at the, 78–79; removal of Waddingtons to, 79–84; receiving and entertaining at, 84 *ff.*; large ball given at, 166–173; English visitors at, 196–199; view from, on cold winter nights, 245; departure from, 256–262; formal visit to Madame de Freycinet at, 264–265.
Quartier Latin, the modern, 216.

Reay, Lord and Lady, 254.
Receptions, customs at official, 40–41.
Renan, Ernst, description of, 52–53.
Renault, Léon, préfet de police, 39.
Republic, strength of feeling against the, in Paris "society," 76–77, 187–189; enthusiasm of farmers over the, 208; disappointment of states-

men in the, 228–229; moderation of feeling in society circles toward the, at present time, 247.
Republicans, proposed uprising of (1877), 65; work of, in election of 1877, 72–74; victory of, 75.
Reviews at Longchamp, 8–9, 135–138.
Rome, early social life in, 31–32; account of reception in, where royalties were present, 54.
Roumanian woman's dress, 124.
Royalties, first social encounters with, 53–56; present at opening ceremony of exposition, 109–110; experiences with, at ball given by Lord Lyons at British embassy, 128–130; risks run by, at fête at Versailles, 164, 165–166; present at the Waddingtons' ball at Quai d'Orsay, 170–171.
Rudolph, Archduke, crown prince of Austria, 111.
Russia, sadness of people of, 202; distance between princes and ordinary mortals in, 204; pains taken to give ambassadors a pleasant impression of, 204.

St. Vallier, Count de, 23–24, 230; senator of the Aisne, 60, 75; plenipotentiary to Berlin Congress, 134, 141; ambassador to Germany, 204–205; reports brought from Germany by, 229–230.
Salisbury, Lord, at Berlin Congress, 143, 150–151.
Salon réservé, passing of the, 170.
Salons, political, 27–31.
Sartiges, Comte and Comtesse de, 192.
Sartiges, Vicomte de, 192.
Say, Léon, as a speaker in the National Assembly, 21; Minister of Finance, 35, 76; attitude of, toward French protectorate of Tunis, 151.
Say, Madame, 203.
Schouvaloff, Count, 87; at Berlin Congress, 142, 149.
Ségur, Countess de, political salon of, 28–30.
Seine, freezing of the, 243–245.
Shah of Persia, experiences with the, 135–138.
Shooting expeditions, 237–238.
Shops, trading at small, 223–226.
Sibbern, Swedish minister, 262, 264–265.
Simon, Jules, dismissal of cabinet of, 60–61.
Singing, comments on French, 43.
Skating experiences in Paris in 1879, 241–243.
Sœurs Augustines, Convent and Hospital of the, 219–223.
Sullivan, Arthur, in Paris, 231–232.

Théâtre Français, nights at the, 34.
Thiers, M., 4; superseded as President of Republic by MacMahon, 4; receptions at house of, 30–31; comment of Prince Gortschakoff upon, 31; condition in 1877 and sudden death of, 67.
Thiers, Madame, 30.
Thorndike, Miss (Comtesse de Sartiges), 192.
Tiffany, success of, with French, at exposition of 1878, 176.
Travelling, a Frenchwoman's views of, 107.
Troubetskoi, Princess Lize, 28.
Trouville, vogue of, as a watering-place, 157.
Tunis, French protectorate of, arranged by M. Waddington, 150–151, 155.

Versailles, meetings of National Assembly at, 17–22; terraces and gardens at, 22; Marshal de MacMahon's receptions at, 25–26; compared with Paris as a meeting-place of Assembly, 84–85; badly managed fête given by Marshal de MacMahon at, 163–166; removal of Parliament to Paris from, 212–213.
Victor Emmanuel, death of, and service at the Madeleine for, 102–103.
Victoria, Princess, charming character of, 144; strong English proclivities of, 153–154.
Victoria, Queen, M. Waddington received by, in Paris, 196–197; prestige of, in France, 219; expresses approval of M. Waddington, 232.
Vienna, stiffness of court at, 160.
Vogüé, Marquis de, a visit from, at Deauville, 159.

Waddington, Francis, son of Madame Waddington, 56, 217, 244, 261–262.
Waddington, Richard, senator of the Seine Inférieure, 36, 180; family life at country home of, 68–69; early career of, 70; story of the Prince of Wales and, 70.
Waddington, Madame Richard, 69.
Waddington, William, marriage of Madame Waddington and, 3; deputy to National Assembly from Department of the Aisne, 3–4; brief

term as Minister of Public Instruction, 4; method of speaking in National Assembly, 19–20; criticisms of, by opposition newspapers, 27; second appointment as Minister of Public Instruction (1876), 35; life of, as minister, 41–42, 47–49, 50, 52–53, 59–60; dismissal of, from the ministry, 60–61; fears of arrest of, 64; attitude toward proposed Republican uprising, 65; electoral campaign of, 71–72; elected senator in 1877, 75; named to the Foreign Office in new cabinet formed by Dufaure, 76; life of, as Foreign Minister, 78, 86, 97, 105; named plenipotentiary to Berlin Congress, 134; activities of, at the Congress, 141–155; French protectorate of Tunis arranged by, 150–151, 155; remains at Foreign Office upon accession of Grévy, and becomes prime minister, 180; onerous life of, 180–181; reception of, by Queen Victoria, 196–197; interview with Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, 201–202; determines to quit office, 228; last days as premier and Foreign Minister, 228 *ff.*, 249–256; mild attacks on, by political opponents, 233; shooting parties at Grévy's and Casimir Périer's, 238; gives over ministry to Freycinet, 256; offered the London Embassy, but declines, 257; President Grévy's regard for, 269.

Waddington, Madame, mother of William Waddington, 68–69.

Waddington, Madame William, marriage, 3; early experiences in Paris after Franco-Prussian War, 4–8, 10–16; anecdote of Count Herbert Bismarck's telegram to, 9–10; story of early attempt to arrange a marriage for, 45–46; at first big dinner at the Ministry of Public Instruction, 52–53; first social meetings with royalties, 53–56; experience in thanking the artists at reception, 57–58; visit of Maréchale de MacMahon to, upon dismissal of cabinet, 62–63; feelings on moving into foreign ministry, 79–82; trials over reception days, 105–107; experience with Chinese ambassador at Marshal de MacMahon's dinner to General Grant, 114–118; audience given to, by Queen Isabella of Spain, 124–127; at Lord Lyons's ball, and meeting with Princesse Mathilde, 128–130; received by Empress Eugénie, 131; does not accompany husband to Berlin Congress, 135; meeting with the Shah of Persia, 135–138; in crush at ball at Hôtel de Ville, 139–140; exciting adventures at fête at Versailles, 163–166; ball given by, at the Quai d'Orsay, 166–173; attends Madame Grévy's first reception, 183–184; at naming of Cardinals at the Elysée, 191–196; conversations of, with Catholic friends, 205–207; growing fondness of, for the rive gauche, 217–219; skating experiences of, 241–242; crosses the Seine on the ice, 244; visits of farewell received by, upon leaving Quai d'Orsay, 259–262; pays formal visit to Madame de Freycinet at Quai d'Orsay, 264; visit to Madame Grévy, 268–269; departure from Paris and short stay at Bourneville, 269–270.

Wales, Prince of, story of Richard Waddington and, 70; liking of Parisians for, 111–112; Madame Waddington presented to Princesse Mathilde by, 129–130; at ball at the Quai d'Orsay, 172.

Washington, D. C., characteristics of, 85; Lord Lyons's reminiscences of life at, 185; a French conception of, 200–201.

William I, Emperor, attempted assassination of, 141 *n*.

Winter of 1879, severity and hardships of, 241–246, 253–255.

Wittgenstein, Prince, 120.

Women, adaptability of American, 185; cramped lives of middle-class French, 185; more uncompromising than men in political views, 188–189, 246–247; ambitions of, for husbands and sons, 266.

Zuylen, Baron von, Dutch minister, 39; as a musician, 87.

Zuylen, Madame von, 259–260.

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My first years as a
Frenchwoman.

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